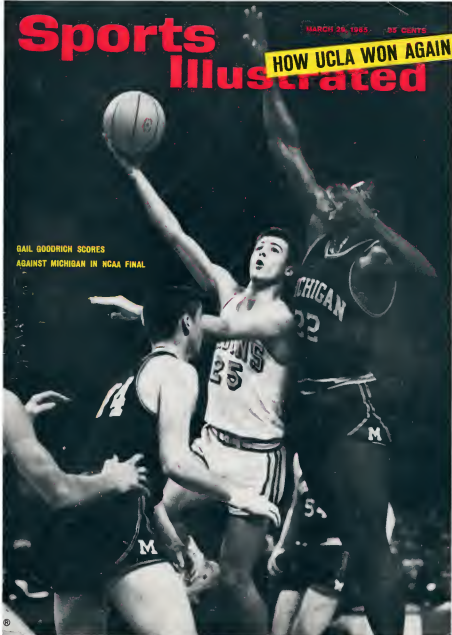


Sports Illustrated

MARCH 26, 1965 35 CENTS

HOW UCLA WON AGAIN

GAIL GOODRICH SCORES
AGAINST MICHIGAN IN NCAA FINAL





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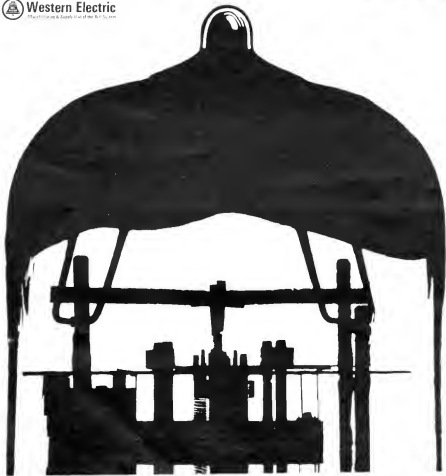
The ocean depths are forbidding and inaccessible. That's why the communications equipment Western Electric makes for the Bell System's overseas voiceways has to be able to work a minimum of 20 years without maintenance. Every inch must be as nearly perfect as it is humanly possible to make it. As an example, look at the electron tubes in the highly complex amplifiers that boost your voice signal every 20 miles along the way. All electron tubes, even of the highest quality, are subject to burn-out because of impurities in the nickel used to make cathodes. So how do you make a tube that you are reasonably sure

will work for 20 years? Keep the impurities down below 50 parts in a million — about equal to a teaspoon of pepper in a barrel of salt. That's a challenge even in the laboratory. And Western Electric was called on to do it on a production basis. Solving difficult manufacturing problems, however, is one of the important skills Western Electric people have developed over the 83 years we have been part of the Bell System. It is a skill that helps turn the communications developments of Bell Laboratories into the reliable products that bring you the best, most convenient communications service in the world at reasonable cost.



Western Electric

Manufacturing & Supply Unit of the Bell System



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Credits on page 29

Next week

THE 1965 MASTERS is the name of a classic confrontation between an established ruler, Arnold Palmer, and the strong young man who would unseat him, Jack Nicklaus. Groulx Brown writes of their plans and hopes, and assesses the chances of others. A gallery of color pictures shows some of the old masters, and Alfred Wright provides an up-to-date report on the more famous and dangerous of these. Ben Hogan

KING OF THE SOGS is Rod Ayerbach, coach of the Celtics. Basketball crowds murder him outside of Boston, but they can't stop him from winning. Galtsoff Roast tells you why.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



The need to escape from highways lined with billboards and cities full of soot grows more imperative each year, and each year the American traveler's search for untrampled beaches and forest groves becomes harder and longer. The beachcombers keep packing up and moving: away from the Florida coast to the smallest cays of the Bahamas; away from Honolulu to the Outer Islands of Hawaii; away from the French Riviera to the Greek islands. Travel Editor Fred Smith reports on the on-ward surge: "In the isles of Greece now the only sure island of quiet is the deck of a charter boat." One new beachhead for active beachcombers is Lebanon, and this week, in 12 pages of color photographs by Pete Turner and text by Senior Editor Smith starting on page 38, we describe the sporting activities they find there.

This leisure-time quest causes Americans traveling outside the U.S. to spend much more money than foreign visitors spend here and, as part of an attempt to cut the \$3 billion gap, the Government has recently been making efforts to discourage foreign travel. It seems unlikely that such efforts will be entirely successful. The appeal of far-away places like Lebanon is in direct ratio to growing leisure time and faster jets. However, tourists probably will spend less in Beirut's free port than they might have before. The duty-free allowance is to be reduced once more, this time from \$100 (wholesale value) to \$50 (retail), and by this means it is hoped that about \$100 million will be trimmed from the nation's net tourist-dollar outflow of \$1.6 billion a year.

At the same time President Johnson has asked the U.S. travel industry to strengthen and broaden the appeal of American vacations to foreign and do-

mestic travelers, hoping to turn the tables on spending by getting people either to stay here or come here.

Our kind of travel reporting is directed toward the active traveler, both in the U.S. and abroad, the sportsman who is not primarily interested in the duty-free allowance. He doesn't ship back trunkfuls of souvenirs. But he is very much interested in finding the best sport, wherever it may be, and our business is to discover such places and report on them for the adventurous. There are game fishermen who have left behind them even the modest comforts of Yucatan to fish for tarpon in the jungle reaches of the San Juan River in Nicaragua, a place in little danger of ever qualifying as a tourist trap. We know plenty of hunters who are prepared to face the discomforts and hazards of the South American rain forests in pursuit of their chosen quarry. These are the active travelers of the U.S., the sportsmen and sportswomen who also skin-dived off the Florida Keys, fish the Madison River and stalk antelope in Montana, and ride the Pacific Crest Trail down 2,156 miles of the West Coast.

These Americans who travel for sport know what appeals to sportsmen, and they know that our great national parks and forests, the lakes and streams full of fish, the beautiful golf courses, the well-equipped ski resorts can all be huge assets in making the U.S. a new factor in the world travel market.

Just as Europeans and Asians and South Americans are anxious to tell us about—and attract us to—their wonders, we know that Americans traveling abroad, particularly sports-minded Americans, are passing along the story of the magical country back home. Travel, particularly sporting travel, is a two-way street. May it ever grow wider.

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SCORECARD

THE FLAW IN BASKETBALL

In the first half of their NCAA semifinal in Portland, Ore. last weekend, rough, eminently tough Michigan was awarded 17 foul shots to only four for Princeton, a team of vegetarians by comparison. Michigan had not enjoyed such a huge advantage from the foul line in 26 games this season. But in bringing this up we want to make it very clear that officiating is not our target. The point to be made is more basic: a flaw exists in basketball that changes the game, inhibits a team and cheats the fan who pays to see the best in both teams.

When Princeton's Bill Bradley acquired his third foul in the first half of that taut semifinal, Michigan's victory was practically assured. When he got his fourth, early in the second half, Michigan's victory was assured. Because no matter how great a player is, the specter of being whistled out of play for a fifth personal foul restricts his talents, makes him cautious, sometimes so cautious that he commits foolishly the very foul he is trying to avoid.

We have made the point before (SI, Feb. 15). Basketball becomes a no-game when a star player, or any player, can be banished for his errors, especially when the error is snap-judged by an official in the heat of action. In both games that Princeton played with Michigan this year Bradley fouled out with about five minutes remaining. The examples stand out, because without Bradley the Princeton Tiger is a lamb, and even with him Princeton seldom could beat so powerful a team as Michigan. But the point remains that winning a game should never depend on the removal of the opponent's star player for reasons other than unsportsmanlike conduct.

College coaches meeting in Portland last week had a chance to discard the foul-out rule in favor of something more sensible—such as giving the offended team possession of the ball as well as a penalty shot (or shots) when an opposing player draws more than five fouls. They did not act. When they have the

chance to reconsider next year, they might look at it this way: the strongest penalty that exists in any other sport is the hockey penalty box, and even that does not eliminate a player permanently or spoil the game.

DOWN WITH PUSH-UPS

The thing to do is to run four miles a day. Push-ups? An exercise in futility. Sit-ups? Chin-ups? Calisthenics? Mundane punishment, at best affording localized results. Run four miles a day, and you can eat anything you want without getting fat.

"When you run, you see, you exercise all over," says Dr. Bruno Bulke, prescriber of and subscriber to the four-miles-a-day regimen. Dr. Bulke is 58 years old, a professor of physiology and physical education at the University of Wisconsin, president of the American College of Sports Medicine and currently studying the environmental conditions of Mexico City for United States participants in the 1968 Olympics. Dr. Bulke eats all he wants, and drinks and smokes sometimes, but contends it is infinitely more difficult to drink martinis or eat french fried potatoes while running. He says drinking martinis can be especially hard on the sedentary man because it leads to other excesses, such as eating peanuts. "The peanuts can be worse than the alcohol," he says. And what about golf? "I may be ready for golf when I'm 70 years old."

STAGE OF YALE

He was so honest he twice was asked to referee games his own teams played in. He considered money an abomination and never had much; once he refused a contract to play baseball for the New York Giants because there were saloons in the parks. At the University of Chicago he pioneered every aspect of modern football from the huddle to the T formation, and when he was 81 and coaching at College of the Pacific he was named Coach of the Year over Notre Dame's Frank Leahy. Words to describe him were teacher, patriarch, humanitarian,

beloved citizen, inspiring disciplinarian, Christian and Yale man. Long after he had ceased to be Stagg's assistant, Fritz Crisler snuffed out a cigarette in the palm of his hand when he saw the old man coming.

Two years ago, before his 100th birthday, Amos Alonzo Stagg said he would like to be remembered only "as an honest man." Well, the honest man died the other day, and by a curious coincidence the account of his death knocked headlines on the front page of *The New York Times* with that of ex-King Farouk of Egypt. Words describing Farouk in the adjacent column were "profligate," "avaricious," "obese" and "glutton." Farouk was dead at 45. When Lon Stagg was twice that he was still mowing his lawn and running laps around the fig trees out back.

THE HEALING WATERS

As the Rio Grande flows south through New Mexico, its water is overused to the point where it becomes too thick to drink and too thin to plow and oftentimes just disappears underground, dead tired. When it gets opposite Sand Park near



El Paso, however, the water is pumped up into a 30-acre infill lake and is worked over again: it serves ornamental and emergency fire-fighting purposes, is used for daily water-skiing shows, and occasional religious groups wade in for mass baptismal rites. Now they are training horses in it.

George Rancich, president of Sunland and a Thoroughbred breeder, saw that horses were being taken for ocean dips at Del Mar, Calif., so he urged trainers to try his lake. In swimming, he reasoned, a horse develops tremendous lung

continued



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GRAVELY



SCORECARD continued

power and uses all the muscles required in a race without pounding delicate hoofs, ankles and tendons. "Furthermore, the high salt content soothes tired legs. The animals will love it."

One of the first to try was Trainer Clayton Tolliver, who had his sprinter Carhole taken to the water's edge. Carhole sniffed at it a few times, said Tolliver, then went right in up to his neck. "He loved it." (See? Just like Raneich said.) Tolliver added a conclusion or two of his own: two minutes in the water is worth a two-mile gallop, and swimming provides a "refreshing mental change for the horse." As for practical pari-mutuel application, proof is still wanting. The salt water of the Pacific did not help Silky Sullivan one drop when he stepped onto the truck against Calumet's Tum Tam. The Scoundrel, owned by Kjell Qvale, splashed around all last year in a private pool in an effort to strengthen himself for a comeback. Having failed that, The Scoundrel is now at stud in Kentucky, high and dry.

FORTISSIMO!

A survey was made here last week on Europe's new breed of super police cars—Porsches, Alfa Romeos, Ferraris—which are supposed to make the highways unsafe for fleeing criminals. We now have the first return on the new breed's capabilities. A few days ago Rome's police Ferrari 3000 gave an English Jaguar a head start out of the city onto the Autostrada del Sole, where they both opened up. At the first toll station the Ferrari got the Jaguar cold. There were extenuating circumstances, however. The Jag was burdened with \$160,000 in stolen paintings, and its driver did not have the exact change.

OUT AT HOME

It was on the last day of the moose-hunting season that a middle-aged man from Minnesota, call him Smith, wounded a moose and followed it a mile and a half into the Ontario hush to complete the kill. By then it was too late in the day to haul it back, and when a storm blew in the hunter asked the Department of Lands and Forests for more time to bring the moose out. A week later, Smith rounded up help and with four sleds started for the moose. They spent that night stuck in the snow in weather 54° below zero, but eventually they were able to move the animal out of the hush

to the shores of a small lake seven miles from Squish's station wagon.

Bad weather struck again, and for a week hush travel was impossible. When the weather finally cleared, Smith hired a helicopter to lift the moose to the nearest road. Ropes holding it under the copter broke, and the moose fell 150 feet, crashing through the ice of a lake. Smith and his helpers somehow fished the moose out, cut it in two and tied it on top of the car. A butcher cut and wrapped the meat and stacked it in the station wagon. Smith headed home. There at last, he went to unload the meat. It was gone. Stolen.

BREKTHROUGH

Japan has only one racing circuit but is the world's leading producer of motorcycles (1.8 million in 1964). Its Hondas, Suzukis and Yamahas have held four out of the six class titles in Grand Prix racing for the past three years, and all together last year they accounted for \$95 million worth of motorcycles sold in the U.S., where "you meet the nicest people on a Honda." Nice people back in Japan are completely oriented to motorcycle transport—they got that way scrambling out of the path of careening Hondas in Tokyo—and now Emperor Hirohito has purchased an entire fleet for the use of his Imperial Household Police and guests. A fleet of Hondas? No, papa-san. The new machines are three times the size of the largest Japanese models. They were made in Milwaukee, by Harley-Davidson.

A MEASURE OF FRIENDSHIP

Next to genuine elephant-hair bracelets from Africa (\$2), the bargain of the month at Abercrombie & Fitch is Gunmaker Lawrence Salter, "the man from Purdey's." In the best curcles shotguns by James Purdey & Sons, Ltd., London, are revered "It is generally known," Mr. Salter is not ashamed to say, "that we make guns for the royal family."

Mr. Salter measures shooters for their custom Purdeys as expertly as a Savile Row tailor fits a blue-serge pinstripe. He uses a unique try gun with an adjustable stock, when triggered a beam of light is cast on the wall, indicating where an individual is shooting.

Last week Mr. Salter spent considerable time replacing batteries and bulbs as "customers" flocked in to get measured. Each was told to aim at the top of Mr. Salter's finger. "How much rib are you seeing?" he asked. "Well, we shall

continued



The imported one

BEEFEATER BEEFEATER

BEEFEATER 100% 24 BOTTLES 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS 40-45% ALC/VOL



Magnavox now costs so little, why settle for less?

This beautiful compact TV costs only \$99.90...an incredibly low price for Magnavox quality. You get sharp, stable pictures even from distant stations; famous Magnavox sound; the reliability of exclusive Magnavox Bonded Circuitry plus many other advanced features. See the wide variety of TV models...sold direct through Magnavox franchised dealers (listed in Yellow Pages), saving you middleman costs.

"The magnificent"
Magnavox
1131333333 New York, N.Y.

Two kinds of people fall in love with a Chevrolet Super Sport: emotional people and shrewd people

Find out below if you'll be one of them.

Now the emotional types are often first attracted to a Super Sport's rich all-vinyl interior (there's over 16 sq. yards of it).

To its deep foam-cushioned bucket seats—

And thick color-keyed carpeting that roams all over the floor, across the doors, up the cowl side panels and even into the floor console compartment.

They're impressed by the power they can have in a Super Sport—power that ranges from a responsive 140-hp Six to a brand-new Turbo-Jet V8.

By the wide variety of equipment offered—from a steering wheel that moves into seven different positions to a radio that plays in stereo.

And of course, by the little touches that make emotional people emo-

tional people—curved side windows, a built-in vacuum gauge, an electric clock, brushed chrome trim, a solid tempered safety plate glass convertible rear window and so on.

As for the shrewd types, they of course know that a Super Sport is a full-size luxury car without a full-size luxury car price.

That a Chevrolet traditionally has maintained a high resale at trade-in time.

That it rides on a Jet-smooth easy street with its Full Coil suspension system. And keeps quiet about it all with 700 sound and shock deadeners.

That it is built to last—with things like a hefty single unit Body by Fisher and a 9-step acrylic lacquer exterior finish.

And that behind its good looks, there are some pretty sensible

money-saving features like self-adjusting brakes with bonded linings, a battery-saving Delcotron generator and four inner steel fenders that protect the four outer steel fenders.

This all brings us back to you—and your particular love affair.

What will it be? Emotional? Shrewd? Or both?

Makes no difference.

As you'll soon find out at your dealer's—a Chevrolet-Super-Sport-kind-of-love is a many splendored thing.

Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.



In the foreground, there sits an Impala Super Sport Convertible.
In the background, an Impala Super Sport Coupe.





The company it keeps, keeps coming back.

For years, this smoothest of all Canadian whiskies has been "Known by the company it keeps." Speak to these people of good taste and they'll tell you there is no other whisky like it. V.O. does what no other whisky can. It defines smooth once and for all. Light? Of course.

Seagram's
Canadian

V.O.



CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND OF SELECTED WHISKIES,
SIX YEARS OLD 50% ALC/VOL (100 PROOF) SEAGRAM DISTILLING CO. N.Y.C.

have to drop it at the face and cast it off a hit. Now come up on that exit sign like you were taking a line on a rising grouse, and pull the triggers. Ah. Fine. See where the light is? You're right on the bird, sir. Now we can build you a Purdey that will fit like a glove."

"Uh huh," the customer said. "Now the cheapest, I mean, the *bass* Purdey costs about \$3,000, right?"

"That's right, sir."

"Well, I'll have to think about it. Say would you mind letting me jot down my measurements in the meantime?"

Mr. Salter declined to reveal how few guns he had sold. "A prospective customer is, after all, a friend," he said kindly, staring at the back of the last prospect heading for the door with the free measurements clutched in his hand.

FAIR WARNING, MR. QUINN

"They talk about the sophomore jinx," said Richie Allen. "What they really mean is the general manager's jinx. You can get worn down until you don't feel like doing anything. Me, I'd just as soon stay home and ride my horse." The Philadelphia third baseman and Rookie of the Year had just lost a four-month salary dispute with Phillies General Manager John Quinn in which he "succumbed" to Quinn's \$20,000 offer, double his 1964 salary. "Quinn said I was getting bad advice," said Allen. "Listen, I haven't had bad advice in 23 years from my family. My mother agreed to terms, not me. If I have another good year I'm not going to take anybody's advice. Rich Allen will make up his own mind and stick with it."

THEY SAID IT

• Sam Snead, on his perennial putting ills: "I shot a wild elephant in Africa 30 yards from me, and it didn't hit the ground until it was right at my feet. I wasn't a bit scared. But a four-foot putt scares me to death."

• Dave Stallworth, Wichita State basketball All-American: "I'll tell you one thing about girls' basketball. It's a lot more fun to watch."

• Rick Reichardt, Los Angeles Angels, \$200,000 bonus baby: "I still can't get used to not writing home for money."

• Lamar Hunt, owner of the Kansas City Chiefs, when asked if he would sign his 8-year-old son Lamar Jr. to a Chief contract: "No, I'm hoping he'll be drafted by the Jets."

END



Weejuns are a way of life!

(and, casually speaking, you find them everywhere.)

America's most wanted casual — Bass Weejuns! Wear them, and how else can you feel but right. You've a choice this season too — Weejuns in classic smooth leathers or dashing Scotch Grains. And — for the ladies — a striking collection of wardrobe-sparking Spring colors.



Only Bass Makes Weejuns®



Ferrari

Can this old Shell customer win an unprecedented 5TH straight Sebring victory?



This Saturday at Sebring—

The Italian champion and the American challenger have both chosen Shell for their cars—above all other gasolines and motor oils. Some facts about the arduous Sebring race will help you understand why.

SEBRING is a car-killer. Over 1000 miles of exasperating turns, back-racking acceleration and sharp braking. 12 hours of constant gear-shifting.

This year Ferrari and Ford will both try to accomplish a miracle. Ferrari cars will try to win for the fifth straight time. Ford, after less than one year of international racing, will try to win in

then first appearance at Sebring.

With a choice of gasoline and motor oil, both Ferrari and Ford have chosen to run on Super Shell Gasoline and Shell Motor Oil. Says Enzo Ferrari:

"My loyalty to Shell springs from my experience first as a racing driver, then as director of the Ferrari racing team and finally as a car manufacturer.

Showdown at Sebring: March 27

Place: Sebring, Florida

Time: Starts 10 AM Saturday, March 27, ends 10 PM.

Winner: Car that has covered greatest distance at end of 12 hours.

Length of Course: 5.2 miles (one lap). Winning car usually travels over 200 laps and over 1000 miles during 12 hours of the race.

Number of cars entered: 65

Brand of motor oil used: Choice of team.

Brand of gasoline used: Choice of team.

Favorite: Ferrari (will use Super Shell Gasoline and Shell Motor Oil).

New American Challenger: Ford GT (will use Super Shell Gasoline and Shell Motor Oil).



Ford GT

Not if this new Shell customer can help it.

If a world's class sports car, built to speed, from this happy moment on with Shell.

When it comes to gasoline, Ferrari and Ford both demand four things. 1. good mileage to hold down pit stops for refueling. 2. instant firing after pit stops to save precious seconds. 3. power to accelerate to speeds of over 170 miles

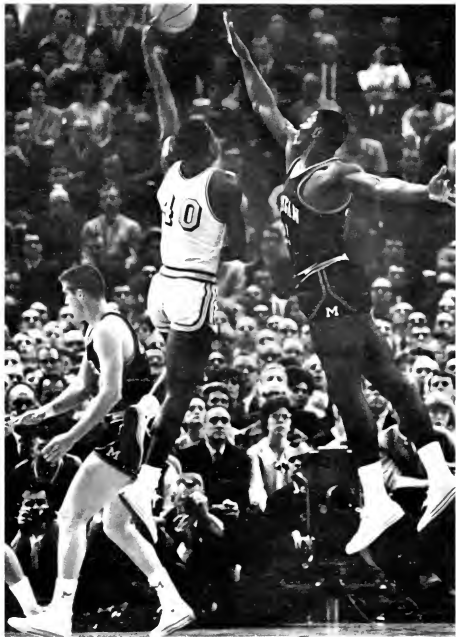
in hour. and 4. resistance to high speed knock which can damage a piston.

Both specify Super Shell for their cars. Not a special racing fuel. Straight "pump" gasoline - exactly the way you get it at Shell stations. It's all tankful. See if your car doesn't run better, longer,



In your car, Super Shell Motor Oil can help prolong engine life. Super Shell Gasoline can help give you good mileage.

For longer engine life. Change your oil at least every 30 days.



THE POWER OF THE PRESS

A weapon of immense potency in the proper hands, the UCLA zone press brought the Bruins victories over Wichita State and Michigan and another national title

by FRANK DEFORD

Last Thursday afternoon at the Portland Memorial Coliseum, Wichita State, the Midwest regional champion, was out on the court for its last practice session before the final rounds of the NCAA championship began. The Shockers were going at three-quarter speed, scrimmaging against their own full-court press. The next night Wichita was to play UCLA, the defending national champion and, by acclamation, the exemplar of the press. Edgar Lacey, UCLA's star sophomore forward, ambled by with the rest of his team, on the way to the locker room. Lacey paused for a moment. Then, neither to his teammates nor to the Wichita players in particular but loud enough for both, he said very affectionately, as if talking about a good friend, "Watch the press, baby. Watch the press." *continued*

Over Bill Buntin's frantic stretch UCLA's Freddie Goss flips a leaping left-hander, going as high as Buntin even though—at 6 feet 1—he is half a foot shorter than his foe.



Lacey's regard for his team's fearsome weapon is well-founded. The press has made UCLA basketball famous and has brought Coach John Wooden inquiries from 700 other coaches, all of them anxious to learn how the Bruins do it. This year it has turned up in countless variations around the country, but apparently John Wooden does not answer his mail as well as he coaches. No one runs the press like UCLA.

The press is really a fairly simple response to an urgent need, a tactic analogous to that of a boxer who finds himself up against a slugger in a small ring. The more of the ring the boxer uses, the better chance he has to win. So he keeps the action moving all around the ring, counting on his speed and quickness to overcome his bigger, more powerful opponent. That is what the press does in basketball. The smaller, quicker team forces the bigger, slower team to play from one end of the court to the other, to the latter's disastrous disadvantage. That is what UCLA does, and that is the way it beat Wichita on Friday and Michigan on Saturday and won the NCAA championship for the second year in a row.

Wichita was no match at all for UCLA, but powerful Michigan was, and in the first few minutes of the final game on Saturday night the Wolverines were in command. Their big men—Cazzie Russell, Bill Buntin, Oliver Darden—controlled the rebounds, and the whole team shot with remarkable accuracy from all over the court. With eight minutes gone, they led 20-13. UCLA was tense, and its All-America guard and floor leader, Gail Goodrich, was missing his shots. Co-captain Keith Erickson had to leave the game because of a leg injury, and Lacey was playing Erickson's safety man position on the press.

Then came a typical UCLA explosion. Kenny Washington, Fred Goss and Lacey hit jump shots. Goodrich sank a free throw. The Bruins took charge on the boards. Russell managed one basket for Michigan in the midst of it all, but Washington and Doug McIntosh came flying out of nowhere to block other Michigan shots. And triggering it all, making this offensive display possible, was the press. Suddenly, twice within a minute, the Wolverines could not even get the ball upcourt. They struggled to break through, and the blocks and in-

The press in action: to elude a pair of UCLA hands Russell starts a pass that may be cut off

terceptions followed. "The crowd was yelling louder and louder each time we did something," McIntosh said later. "But this one time I wasn't able to really put any pressure on Cazzie. Then I looked, and I saw the ball just dribble off his leg. I just watched that ball dribble off his leg, and all I could think was: 'Isn't this sweet? We're going to win.'"

UCLA was still behind at that moment, but McIntosh's hunch was correct. The tempo of the game had changed completely. In a three-minute period just before half time, UCLA scored 10 points and held Michigan to one. At intermission the Bruins led 47-34. Against perhaps the best rebounding team in college basketball, they actually were ahead in rebounds 19-17 and continued to control the playing style of the game throughout the second half, as Goodrich put on a superb display of ball handling. ("That little devil," Michigan Coach Dave Strack called him, admiringly.) Time and again Goodrich slithered through a maze of tall Wolverines to score with twisting hooks and layups. He hit long one-hand jumpers. He led the UCLA fast break. And with

his teammates he hounded Michigan mercilessly on defense. But despite his individual brilliance, it was the UCLA defense, and especially the press, that won this game as it had won virtually every game for two successive championship teams.

John Wooden first used his zone press when he was a high school coach years ago, but for a long time he felt that it could not succeed in college competition. He decided to take a chance with it two years ago when he had what he thought was the right material. ("All I am asked about," Dave Strack said last week, "is the UCLA press. But anybody can press. To make it work you need the personnel. The UCLA press is mostly the UCLA players.")

UCLA's win over Michigan was especially impressive because Erickson's contribution was relatively minor. Erickson has often been described as the most valuable man in the press because of his size and mobility. Last Wednesday, however, he apparently pulled a muscle in his left leg, and aggravated it on Thursday and in pregame drills Friday. He scored only two points in the Wichita game (as

compared with 28 and 29 in the regulars the previous week), and he limped noticeably. On Saturday morning he had ultrasonic treatment and he was determined to play, but in the game he was bothered more by a tight bandage than by the injury itself. By the time he had loosened the bandage on the bench (after playing only the first five minutes), his substitute, Kenny Washington, had taken charge on the court.

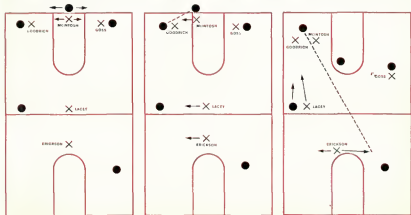
Washington (no kin to his great namesake, a UCLA star of the '30s) is a pleasant young man who specializes in jumping higher than Valeri Brumel and in coming off the bench to star in NCAA championship games. Last year in the final against Duke, he left the bench to score 26 points. This year he scored only 17 (seven for nine from the floor), but he grabbed five rebounds and did a good job of harassing Cazzie Russell.

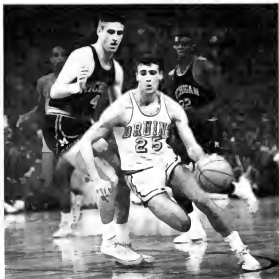
Russell made 28 points and played well as always, but the Wolverines had a hard time getting the ball to him in close. As in the previous night's semifinal game against Princeton, there seemed no pattern at all to the Michigan offense. Only once in each game did Michigan

continued

UCLA'S STIFLING PRESS often takes the course shown in the diagrams below. It begins (left) after the Bruins have scored and the other team takes the ball out of bounds. McIntosh harasses the man with the ball, while Goodrich and Goss move to guard against the easy inbound pass. Because a longer pass is always risky, this occasionally leads to a failure to put the ball into play within five seconds, and UCLA gets possession. When the

inbounds pass is successful (center) McIntosh joins Goodrich to double-team the receiver, either to tie him up or force him into a bad pass. Meanwhile, Lacey and Erickson shade over to the side where the ball is. This action frequently induces a long pass to the free man upcourt, but because Goodrich and McIntosh have their hands up and are jumping, the pass must be a soft lob. This allows Erickson time to change direction (right) and intercept the ball.





Driving around Pomey, Goodrich puts on one of his brilliant displays of off-control dribbling.

even run the play that opponents refer to as the Wolverines' "bread-and-butter." This calls for Russell to slide off Buntin at a high post, move underneath and look for a pass. If he has not been able to shake his man, he breaks out for a quick little jumper behind a screen set by Oliver Darden. The one time Russell tried it against UCLA was early in the game, but Darden was called for blocking and Michigan never repeated the maneuver. Instead, the Wolverines depended almost entirely on their muscle and the long shot. Both worked against Princeton; neither of them was reliable after the UCLA defense took hold.

One coach described what happened as a tag-team match between "five maddors and five bulls," and when Straack refused to alter the character of the contest, he left himself open to some second-guessing. He never abandoned the huffs, even when it was obvious that they were being cut into hamburger while still on the hoof.

Poor ball handling and playmaking betrayed Michigan the most, and this was just as true the night before against Princeton. In that game, the Michigan power was more than sufficient compen-

sation, however, and Princeton was routed on the boards, 56-34. Still, it was the only game of the weekend that was close—until Bill Bradley, in foul trouble for all of the second half, fouled out with five minutes to go. When Bradley picked up his fourth personal barely a minute into the second half, Princeton was forced to go into an unfamiliar zone defense to protect him. Michigan tore through it when Princeton threatened to close the gap, and the Tigers were never able to challenge seriously.

Bradley finished his career the next night with a marvelous performance against Wichita. The score, 118-82 for Princeton, set all kinds of records, and so did Bradley. He made 58 points (22 for 29 from the floor, 14 for 15 from the free-throw line) in as satisfying a climax as could be hoped for in a consolation game. Referee Bob Kortie, who had called most of the fouls on Bradley both nights, visited the Princeton locker room after the game. He sought out Bradley and shook his hand. "I wanted to tell you," he said, "that that was the greatest exhibition I ever saw. It was a pleasure to watch, and I wanted to thank you."

The game that followed was, in its

way, an even more superb team performance by UCLA. The Bruins, confident to the edge of cockiness, were as poised a team of collegians as ever has been assembled. Goodrich was even composed during the ritualistic cutting down of the nets once the game was over, as if UCLA had practiced that, too. At least part of the reason for such cool demeanor and calculating efficiency can be credited to the UCLA players' long association, individually and collectively, with victory. They find it more familiar than surprising. Goodrich, Goss, Washington and McIntosh all played on championship high school teams. Lynn, playing on three levels of competition in the last three years, has been with teams that lost only four games in this period.

Erickson is more of a Johnny-come-lately winner, but he is making up for it. Neither he nor his high school team was much of a basketball success, and in junior college at El Camino he played against the UCLA freshman with so little distinction that Goodrich had no recollection of Erickson when the latter showed up as a varsity teammate the following year. But Erickson is a volleyball ace, a member of the 1964 U.S. Olympic team, and they play volleyball, with two-man teams, all up and down the Southern California beaches on weekends. Many of the teams always have the same players as partners, but Erickson switches around. And they say that the winning team, at San Diego or on up the coast, is usually the one with Erickson. Volleyball, like basketball, is a game of precision leaps and bounds.

Finally, there is Edgar Lacey, the sophomore who suddenly began to realize his great potential in the last few weeks. "I really wanted this one," he said, smiling and gratified but quite calm after the Michigan game. "The thing is I've always been a loser. In high school we blew the big game, the finals, two years in a row, and I didn't want that again. I stayed awake till 3 o'clock last night, not just thinking, but really worrying, worrying that somehow I'm going to blow it again. I'm glad I've got a big one now."

UCLA, Johnny Wooden and the others have two now. And one of the first things Assistant Coach Jerry Norman said to Wooden after all the players assembled back at the bench, net cut down and in hand, was: "Well, all we have to do now is get to the finals next year, and then just bring in Kenny Washington to see that we win a third one." **END**

Sardonic Bradley is hugged by coach after 58-point spree in consolation game.



Distraught Strack needs consolation as he watches Michigan lose.



Beaming Wooden enjoys last moments of title game, certain of his championship and possibly reflecting that 11 of his 14-man squad will be back.



A LOVE AFFAIR WITH A LOSER

Denver rebuffed its eighth-rate pro football team until other cities started romancing it. Two community-minded brothers saved it at the last hour, and now the city is a mile high over these Broncos by EDWIN SHRAKE



Gleeful Banker Ron Hermes, inventor of "Bronco Note" no-interest installment plan for moving season tickets, chortles over record sales.

Until the middle of last month the citizens of Denver seemed almost as likely to see wild orchids blooming on the frozen eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains as to see a professional football team operating in their city next season. It was not that the Denver Broncos were not wanted. Of course they were. They were wanted by Chicago, Philadelphia, Atlanta, Cincinnati, New Orleans, Seattle and perhaps even by Zorinman, Montana, if someone had ridden a mule up there to find out. But the Broncos, a team proficient in the arts of losing games, did not appear to be wanted by Denver, the city which had weaned and then more or less abandoned them during the first five years of the American Football League's existence.

In Chicago, White Sox Owner Arthur Allyn was already planning tactics for a gate war with the Bears once the Denver franchise was his in fact as well as in rumor. A syndicate in Atlanta had offered a reported \$6 million for the Broncos, and that was clearly a sum that could not be turned down. A group of Philadelphia businessmen, headed by a toy manu-

facturer, had offered \$4 million for the right to bring the Broncos in to compete with the Eagles. All this for a team that last year in Denver sold 7,996 season tickets.

At the January meeting of the American Football League in Houston two newspaper reporters, Wells Twombly of *The Houston Chronicle* and Jerry Magee of *The San Diego Union*, were sitting in a hotel room and happened to overhear a most interesting conversation in the room next door. The speakers were Barron Hilton, owner of the San Diego Chargers, and Calvin Kunz, president of the Broncos. In their printed accounts of the conversation Twombly and Magee agreed that Hilton was urging Kunz to move the Broncos out of Denver, and Kunz, the second largest Bronco stockholder, was in favor of the idea. Kunz was forced to slither around the question later at a press conference but, as it broke up, several reporters heard Kunz turn to Hilton and mutter, "How did they find out?"

"After the Houston meeting," said Gerald Phipps, who, with his brother,

Allan, owned the biggest single block of Bronco stock, "I had visits from two very fine men—Sonny Werblin of the New York Jets and Ralph Wilson of the Buffalo Bills. They tried to convince me the Broncos ought to get out of Denver for the good of the league. They considered Denver a detriment to the AFL, and at the time they were right." Attendance for the seven Denver home games in 1964 had fallen off to a very poor 118,259 paid admissions. That was down 14,000 from the previous year, when there were nearly as many empty seats in the stands as there were people.

As if that were not enough to dictate a shift of the Denver franchise, there was another and maybe more ominous consideration—television. Beginning this year, AFL games belong to NBC, which will televise them on a regional basis, as CBS does in the National Football League. In its new five-year contract with the AFL, NBC has guaranteed each team about \$990,000 per season. Outside the metropolitan area of Denver (pop. one million) the television market for the Broncos is mainly bighorn sheep and



Friendly Center Jerry Sturm of Broncos signs autographs for young fans during team parade through football-happy Denver suburb of Aurora

jackrabbits. There was speculation that NBC might put pressure on the Denver owners to find themselves more people to play to.

All in all, it seemed quite obvious that Denver would not have a professional football team in 1965, or that the Broncos would move by 1966 at the latest.

So what happened? As of last weekend, the Broncos had sold 17,927 season tickets—the third highest total in the AFL. From being the AFL's shakiest franchise, the Broncos apparently have become one of the strongest. It is an incredible reversal, and it has happened not to a champion but to a team that had a 2-11-1 record the past two seasons and could easily finish at the bottom of the AFL's Western Division again in 1965.

Although it has now become a community effort, two men are primarily responsible for saving pro football for Denver. They are the Phipps brothers, Gerry and Allan. On February 14 they turned down the Atlanta offer and held their 42¹/₂% of the stock. The Atlanta syndicate withdrew. The next day Gerry

Phipps met with the Kunz voting trust and made an offer of his own. The Phipps bought the voting trust's 52¹/₂% for a \$250,000 down payment and an offer of \$1.25 million to be paid by June 1. When it was announced on February 16 that the Phipps brothers owned 94¹/₂% of the Broncos and would keep the team in Denver, public reaction was immediate and overwhelming.

The morning after the deal was made, an outdoor advertising company erected a sign that said: THANKS TO GERALD AND ALLAN PHIPPS FOR THE BRONCOS IN DENVER. The Bronco ticket office sold 143 season tickets, a one-day record for the club at that time. The people of Denver—possibly remembering that the city had let three pro hockey franchises, two pro basketball franchises and assorted individual events slip away through non-support—charged the ticket windows in a stampede such as Denver had not witnessed since the gold rush.

All at once the Broncos found themselves beloved. It was, and is, a highly emotional situation. "Fantastic," said Paul Mannes, the capable assistant

general manager of the Broncos. "I've been in sports a long time and I've never seen anything like this." With people standing in line to stuff cash through the ticket windows, Bronco Publicity Director Don Smith called an organizational meeting. What he did first was ask Nick Petry, one of Gerry Phipps's most formidable competitors in the construction business, to head the club's ticket drive. "If Gerry doesn't get all the construction jobs in Denver away from me in the next few months, I'll be surprised, I'm spending all my time working for his hell club," said Petry.

Petry attacked the ticket selling in an unorthodox way. "I'd rather sell 1,000 individuals one ticket each than sell 1,000 tickets to one big company," Petry said. "A sidewalk and country-road jamme is what we want. When it is snowing or the team is not doing well, the individual fan who has bought his own ticket will be at the game."

The announced season-ticket goal of the Broncos is 20,000. On February 15, when the Phipps brothers became majority stockholders, the Broncos had

continues on page 87

OOOH, WHAT A DRAWING GAME!

Skipping like masters at', Wisconsin's national champion curlers invaded Scotland last week, switched tactics on mid-ice, beat the mighty Canadians and swept off with the world title on their first try

by JOHN LOVESEY



Amon was no has been thought read last week in Perth, Scotland had he predicted an American rink win in the Scotch Cup, the world championship of curling, but he had been thought summat peculiar. The Wisconsin rink, winner of the United States curling championship earlier this month (St. March 15), was considered the strongest ever to represent the country in this tournament. Yet nobody could have honestly forecast that it would beat Canada, which, since the contest's inception seven years ago, had won six times running. But that is what happened, and Wisconsin's performance throughout proved its victory was no mere fluke.

In the playdown Wisconsin was on the ice for a total of 25 hours over a period of four days. The rink played seven games and lost only one, to Scotland in the preliminary contest to decide the four semifinalists. It beat Canada not once but twice, and it did so without the aid of the lucky pants which Bud Somerville, the team's skip, melodramatically split at the national championships. "They couldn't be mended," says Somerville, "so I bought a new pair of lucky pants."

Superstitions aside, the U.S. rink won for the same reason that all good combinations succeed—dedication. The team—Somerville, who is the oldest at 28, Bill Strum, who is 26, Tom Wright and Al Gagne, both 23—was the youngest in the tournament. Although their youth helped them, there were other factors at work. Since late December all four had spent at least an hour a day practicing. In Perth, the capital of Scotland until 1437, they went to bed early each night, slept between games and were careful to take only a bowl of soup before each contest. If they broke their own training regimen at all, it was with a ceremonial meal of haggis, the Scottish meat-and-oatmeal pudding boiled in the stomach of a sheep or calf, which Strum found "too spicy."

Six countries, Norway, Sweden, Scotland, Switzerland, Canada and America, were represented. In their first game against the host nation, Wisconsin lost (perhaps politely) to Scotland 5-11. The U.S. players were bothered somewhat by the type of hack (the support for the

foot while delivering the stone down ice) used in Scotland. Unlike American hacks, which are sunk into the ice, Scottish hacks are held in position by small metal pins that fit in holes drilled into the surface. The advantage is that they can be easily removed, but the fact that they also sit above the ice proved disconcerting to the Americans for a time. They were throwing out of a position approximately three to four inches higher than normal. However, this presented a psychological rather than a physical handicap, and the Americans quickly overcame the trouble.

At the end of the round robin both Canada and the U.S. had lost only a game each (Canada to America 8-5), but the Wisconsin team led the tournament on the basis of the 62 points it had scored against Canada's 55. In the semifinals the U.S. beat Sweden, the fourth-placed rink after the preliminary tournament, and Canada beat Scotland. The final game of the playdown was contested in the evening of the same day. It lasted three and a half hours and was seen by the largest crowd (2,000) ever to watch a curling game in Scotland or, for that matter, in all of Britain. When the teams were led in by pipers of the Atholl Highlanders, Perth ice rink was packed tighter than a tin of kippers.

The Scots make a knowing audience. They applaud all the good shots and erupt in a sympathetic, sharply drawn "ooh" for all the missed ones. "I think," remarked Wisconsin's Tom Wright, "they feel worse than the man who makes a mistake."

A sport for strategists, curling usually rewards with victory the team whose skip senses the necessary redeployments first. "As the game started," explains Somerville, "I figured the best thing for us to do would be to make a kind of combination game, and I think this is why we won."

Canadian teams are noted for a fast-running game where the primary purpose is to knock the other rink's stones out. "The whole thing about curling," says Somerville, "is to try to get your opponents to play the type of game you want to play. For four ends we were lousy, and it would have been just a matter of time before they murdered us. So

instead of trying to match them rock for rock, we changed our style of play."

Somerville's team switched to a drawing game, attempting to put the rocks in the circles instead of banging them out. The play worked because the Canadians also started drawing. The win did not come easily, but the change in tactics of both rinks helped stir up a battle that was described by one ecstatic Scot as "an exhibition of curling the likes of which has never been seen in Scotland before."

By the finish of the eighth end, the Wisconsin team had a four-point lead, 7-3. The Canadians then made two points in the ninth end and another in the 10th to make it 7-6. "The tension started to really build up," says Somerville. "In the 11th we thought we had two points, but because we didn't gamble a little we wound up with one. There was a measurement for the second one, and there wasn't even the thickness of a straw in it. If we'd got it, we would have been three up coming home instead of just two."

The world championship remained in doubt to the last rock, shoved by the Canadian skip, Terry Braunstein. "There were three rocks in the circles," explains Somerville. "We had first and second, and he had the third. With his last stone, if he could have taken our two out, he could have tied the game and we would have had to play an extra end. He took our front one off but he rolled out himself, and our second stone was then counted shot rock." The final score was 9-6, Wisconsin the winner.

"If somebody came up to you and gave you a million dollars," remarked Bill Strum, "you'd know how we felt. The Canadians must have been about as happy as our Wisconsin football team when it comes dragging home from the Rose Bowl."

Almost before they were off the ice, telegrams started flooding in. Congressman Alvin E. O'Konski of Wisconsin arranged for the rink to meet President Johnson in Washington this week, television made offers and Superior, Wis. started laying plans for a homecoming to do true justice to the team that broke the Canadian monopoly.

The Scotch Cup, carefully nurtured by the sponsorship of the Scotch Whisky Association, has suddenly become a very potent brew. It is going to call for patience on the terms of Scotland and in the rinks of Canada while both wait for next year's tdt. **END**

During tense final match, Wisconsin's Bill Strum (right) and Al Gagne watch intently as three Canadians sweep stone into house. Rinks from Canada had won world title six straight years.



THEY'D RATHER PITCH THAN HIT

The Los Angeles Dodgers, a dismal sixth last season, traded away their few home run hitters to concentrate on pitching, speed and defense. Will the gamble pay off?

by **WILLIAM LEGGETT**

Seventeen months ago, on a humid Sunday afternoon in Los Angeles, one of the more triumphant scenes in baseball history took place when Sandy Koufax finally got the last out of a lingering ninth inning to give the Los Angeles Dodgers a four-game sweep of the World Series with the New York Yankees. Players swarmed around Koufax in a shouting, backslapping knot to celebrate the finest moment a baseball team can know, and Dodger fans throughout the country rejoiced and gloated as never before. It was total victory.

But that was 17 months ago, long



NEW, OLD AND UNKNOWN pitchers abound at Dodger camp. Here, ex-Senator Claude Osteen loses cap firing fast ball as Don Drysdale (33), rookie Mike Kekich and Sandy Koufas look on

of the baker's dozen who knocked off the Yankees in the World Series are still the Dodgers' big names: Koufas, Drysdale, Maury Wills, the Davieses—the crowd. But big Frank Howard is gone, traded to Washington, and Jim Gilliam has retired to the coaching lines, maybe. The perfect relief pitcher, Ron Perranoski, lost his magic last year, and Johnny Podres was ailing so badly that he pitched only three innings all season. Tommy Davis' batting average dropped 51 points. The old baker's dozen needs help badly, and the Dodgers expect it to come from people you have seldom, if ever, heard of—Wes Parker, Jim LeFebvre, Bart Shirley, John Purdin, Willie Crawford, Tommy Dean, John Werhas, Al Ferrara, Derrell Griffith, Hector Valle, Greg Goossen, Howie Reed, Bill Singer. The Dodger roster is loaded with youthful novelties. Seventeen of them are 23 or younger, five are 19, two are 18. Twice in recent weeks this infusion of youth has totally confused even the Dodgers themselves.

One morning Don Drysdale, who has been a Dodger since 1956, argued that once the Dodgers got organized they would have a very good chance this season to rise back to the top of the National League. A few days later Drysdale said despairingly that the New Dodgers did not have hitting enough to generate even a serious threat. Earlier the Dodgers had been brought together on a hill behind center field at Vero Beach for the official spring-training picture. There stood Manager Walter Alton surrounded by his coaching staff of four men—not one of whom has ever had any major league coaching experience. The rest of the club looked like a group of kids from Van Nuys High on their way to decorate the gym for the senior prom. After the picture was printed, it was discovered that there in the very front row between Don Drysdale and Maury Wills was a rookie, not even on the roster, who wasn't supposed to be in the picture at all. A Dodger official laughed and said, "Well, in a situation like this anything is possible."

Vast and rapid changes on any baseball team indicate one of several things. 1) certain key players did not perform

well and must be replaced, 2) some older performers are getting too old to be counted on, 3) certain youngsters in the farm system have developed to such a degree that they must be brought up immediately, 4) the team has a lot of bonus players who must be put on the major league roster for a year or else they will be lost to other teams in the draft; or 5) the team is going all out with a style of play that the management feels will prove successful. With the 1965 Dodgers it is not one of these things—it is a combination of all five.

When the Dodgers make vast changes all baseball watches, because the Dodgers are historically a team that can be kicked one year and kissed the next. When the Dodgers left Brooklyn seven years ago the management felt that its new California clientele should get to see some of the stars who had performed so well in the past. But that aging 1958 team finished seventh. The next year new players like Wally Moon and Maury Wills were brought in, and the rebuilt team finished first. After losing pennants in each of the three seasons that followed, including the late-season collapse of 1962, General Manager Buzzie Bavasi made a few trades and the Dodgers won by six games in 1963. Then came 1964.

"Last season," says Bavasi, "was discouraging to me. Very discouraging. I'll take the blame for quite a bit of it, because I put too much faith in some of our players and I was wrong." One of the players Bavasi apparently feels he was wrong about was Frank Howard, the 6-foot-7 slugger who was the Dodgers' only genuine home run hitter. Last December Bavasi traded Howard to the Washington Senators along with four relatively faceless players, including infielders Ken McMullen and Dick Nen. In return the Dodgers got Claude Osteen, one of the best left-handed pitchers in the American League last year, and Third Baseman John Kennedy, a modest hitter but a splendid fielder. Acquiring Osteen and Kennedy seemed the obvious reason for the trade. But in giving up Howard, McMullen and Nen in a lump, the Dodgers seemed to be saying something else: McMullen and Nen, like Howard, are—or hope to be—long-ball

—continued

said months for the Dodgers and their followers. Last season the Dodgers had to win their final game of the year to gain a tie for sixth place; they had been virtually eliminated from serious contention for the pennant at about the same time that records of *Exter Parade* were being remastered from the nation's jukeboxes.

Now, this year, as the chastened Dodgers of 1965 work their way through their spring-training exhibition schedule, they are the most drastically changed team in the major leagues, baseball's "mystery a-go-go." True, the 11 players remaining

hitters. Apparently the Dodgers had abandoned, once and for all, a playing style built around the home run, and they did it for some very logical and interesting reasons.

"We believe," says Fresno Thompson, vice-president and director of minor league operations, "that people get more excitement out of the bunt, the steal, the hit-and-run and stretching a hit into extra bases than they do from watching somebody hit a ball into somebody's lap and then jogging around the bases." Walt Alston makes it even clearer. "In Dodger Stadium," he says, "it is almost impossible for anyone to hit a home run. The air is heavy at night, and the ball will not carry. Unless you hit the ball exactly down the lines [300 feet to both left and right fields], it isn't going to go out."

Certainly the 14,000 people who have already bought their season tickets for Dodger Stadium in 1965 are going to be in for a different form of baseball than even the powerless Dodgers of the recent past have provided.

Howard hit only 11 home runs at home last year, and the rest of the Dodger team averaged only one home run every 50 innings. (Even the Mets hit a homer at home on an average of one every 14 innings.) Says Johnny Podres, "Pitchers love to pitch in our stadium because it takes three hits off them to score a run. But with the speed we have and are developing, we can often do it with two hits."

The new young Dodgers have speed enough to put together a sprint-relay team that could scare USC. And the club still has Maury Wills, who has stolen 197 bases during the last three seasons and who feels mentally and physically capable of stealing more than 100 this year (though he'll miss Jim Gilliam, whose quick bat protected Maury on many a steal attempt). Center fielder Willie Davis is generally regarded as the fastest man in baseball. Left fielder Tommy Davis is faster than the majority of players in the big leagues. John Roseboro has above average speed, especially for a catcher. And now Los Angeles has Willie Crawford, an 18-year-old outfielder who signed for a \$100,000 bonus. Wilke can run 100 yards in 9.7 seconds and the 220 in 21.4. Wes Parker, who was strapped to the Dodger roster last year under the first-year rule, became a valuable asset to the team because he was versatile enough to play both the outfield and first base

and—yes—he could run like the wind. Derrell Griffith, who came up in June 1964 as a third baseman and who has had his troubles on defense, is one of four players on the team described as having "exceptional" speed. The others are Crawford, Wills and Willie Davis.

Virtually certain to stay with the Dodgers is Tommy Dean, a \$60,000 bonus baby from Iuka, Miss., one of the most exciting young shortstops to come into the National League in years. "No player has ever reminded me so much of Pee Wee Reese at the same age," says Bavasi. "And no one is going to get him away from us in any draft." The Dodgers have another youngster who very well could be in their Opening Day lineup—Jim Lefebvre, a 22-year-old second baseman who, according to the Dodgers, has only "average" speed, but switch hits. Lefebvre, not yet on the Dodgers' major league roster, was signed for an \$11,000 bonus just after he graduated from Inglewood High in Los Angeles. "One other team offered me three times as much," he says, "but I wanted to play for the Dodgers, and my father wanted me to go with them." Lefebvre might replace Nate Oliver at second base because he can make the double play better, and the Dodgers need every double play they can get. Should the Dodgers bring Lefebvre up and start him along with Wills and Parker, their batting order will include three switch-hitters. And 22-year-old Bill Parlier, a dead ringer for Mickey Mantle in looks, has a chance to be with the team sometime during the season. Parlier, too, is a switch-hitter.

The youngsters are not the only new weapon the Dodgers plan to project into this year's pennant race. Last year John Roseboro did something that is deeply affecting Dodger thinking for 1965. Roseboro hurt his knee in early spring at Vero Beach and was sent to Los Angeles to rest until the season began. To keep his batting eye sharp, Roseboro spent hours in Dodger Stadium taking batting practice. 1 or most of his eight seasons in the majors Roseboro had tried to go for distance, but during those hours of hitting alone he made a thorough study of how batted balls acted in his home park, how they moved when they bounced through the rock-hard infield and into the outfield gaps. Because of Dodger speed, the baselines in Dodger Stadium are banked slightly so that bunts

will stay fair instead of rolling foul, and the hard infield allows grounders that would be outs in most other parks to shoot through for singles or doubles. Roseboro forgot about hitting homers and began to spray hits all over the park. In his two previous seasons in Dodger Stadium, Roseboro had hit .250 and .237; last year his average at home rose to .313 and his overall season average to .287, or 40 points better than his lifetime percentage of .247. Some of the Dodgers who had been suffering through the frustrations of trying to slug the ball in Dodger Stadium took notice. "There are times," says 11-year veteran Wally Moon, "when you want to pull your hair out. You hit a ball and it looks like it's going out of the park, and somebody backs up and gets it. It's awful. But Rosey showed us something, and you can bet that a lot of guys will be following his example this year."

As for last year, Walter D'Malley, the owner of the Dodgers, says, "We laid an egg at the start of the season and then spent the rest of the year hatching it." The Dodgers won on opening night against the St. Louis Cardinals and then lost nine of their next 10 games. The ninth loss in that string, in Milwaukee on April 25, was a nightmare. Podres was hit on the elbow by a Warren Spahn pitch and was lost for the rest of the season. Perranoski, who had a 16-3 record in the championship year, pulled a muscle in his left leg covering first base; he never regained his true form. Tommy Davis, who for two consecutive years had led the National League in batting, injured his right shoulder diving back into a base; until September, when he finally began to hit (.320) the way he should, he spent a miserable season. After that game in Milwaukee, the Dodgers were through.

"The difference between 1963 and 1964," says Ron Fairly, the redheaded first baseman, "is that in 1963 we knew when we went out of the dugout that in some way we were going to win, and somehow we did. In 1964, when we left the dugout we felt that somehow we'd get beat, and somehow we would." In the middle of August the final blow landed when Koufax, who had 19 wins and five losses at the time, including a no-hit no-run game and six other shutouts, hurt his pitching elbow sliding. He was through for the rest of the season, and the Dodgers finished below .500 for only

a continued



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A color photograph of a formal evening event. In the foreground, a man in a black tuxedo with a white shirt and bow tie is pouring amber-colored liquid from a bottle of Walker's DeLuxe Bourbon into small glasses. He is looking towards the right. In the background, other guests in formal attire are visible, including a man in a tuxedo and a woman in a light-colored dress. The setting appears to be outdoors with a building in the background.

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the second time in 20 years. Tight control performance so provoked a headline writer for the *Los Angeles Herald-Examiner* that he described them as "a civic disgrace." It was a bad rap.

Podres, for example, had been pitching for two years with the help of cortisone, even before Spahn's pitch put a bone chip afire in his elbow. He was operated on, and then last fall pitched in the Arizona Instructional League, where he had a record of 5-1. In January he started throwing again, taking it easy. On the very first day of spring training he was pitching to Greg Gossens, a 19-year-old catcher on the Dodger roster. The day was exceptionally muggy, and Podres worked himself into a heavy sweat throwing changeups and curves. He got a new ball and tossed it to Gossens, who hollered, "You want a little palm gunk on it?" as he rubbed the ball in his hands. When Podres got the ball back he said, "Fast," and threw a hard, low fast ball that jumped the way a good fast ball is supposed to jump. "Wow!" said Gossens, but Podres had turned away and was hollering, to no one in particular, "Did you see it jump? Did you see it jump?" He put his hands on his knees in his familiar pitching style, wound up and threw another fast ball. It jumped again. A big smile came over Podres' face. He threw a few changeups and curves and then the fast ball again. Again it jumped for him. In those few moments he was the Johnny Podres again, the Podres with the big fast ball at Mineville High in upstate New York, who drew the scouts to tiny Witherbee, near Lake Champlain. He was the Podres of 23, who brought the Brooklyn Dodgers their first world championship when he beat the Yankees twice in 1955. He looked like the Podres before the cortisone, when he was 18-5 in 1961. On the Podres of two Septembers ago, who had enough stuff to stop the St. Louis Cardinals when they had won 19 of 20 down the stretch and come within one game of the first-place Dodgers.

After he had finished with his workout Podres stood in the Dodger clubhouse and said, "My arm feels better now than it has in five years. I'll take my time, but it'll be all right. My arm feels like a big year."

If Podres and Koufax both come back sound, the Dodgers will have one of the best pitching staffs in the history of the major leagues. Osceola has excellent con-

trol but diminished winning; 15 games for ninth-place Washington is not easy to do. Don Drysdale is a superb pitcher, and his record last year of 18-16 does not show that he lost four games by scores of 1-0 and another by 2-0 and came out of another game after 10 innings with the score tied 0-0. Bob Miller and Peñarrosa should give the Dodgers excellent relief pitching. If these pitchers alone could repeat their best major league years, the six of them could win 109 games.

But there are new Dodgers on the pitching staff, too. Dennis Daboll, an 18-year-old right-hander, and Mike Kekich, a 19-year-old left-hander, will both probably stay with the team, though the youngster with the most promise right now is John Purdin, a 22-year-old right-hander who last year started pitching in Wiesbaden, Germany and went on to Salisbury, N.C., Spokane, Wash., Los Angeles and Mesa, Ariz. His overall record was 42-9 (the figure is correct) and it included a perfect game in Salisbury as well as a no-hitter for the Dodgers against the Chicago Cubs near the end of the season. Purdin was in the service at Wiesbaden when two Americans there sent rave letters about his pitching to O'Malley. Later on, shortly after his discharge, Purdin tried out in his grandparents' backyard in Ohio. Dodger Scout Cliff Alexander, who is Walter Alston's

first-base coach, signed Purdin for \$8,000, a chunk of which was promptly used to increase Purdin's collection of hunting rifles. "The Tigers had signed me before I went in the service," says Purdin. "They gave me \$4,000 and looked at me in Lakeland one spring, but then they let me go," he said. "The devil with it," was in the service for three years to get thin over with and then came back as quick as I could. I wanted to play last year, so I signed right away. That time against Chicago Mr. Alston told me I was going to start a couple of days ahead of time, and I walked around the hotel late and couldn't sleep. I really just wanted to see if I could get five or six innings of good ball in, and that would be fine. The two hits the Cubs got were scratch hits."

If nothing else, the Dodgers of 1965 will certainly be interesting. If their plan for adapting both veterans and youngsters to Dodger Stadium is successful, other clubs are sure to follow their lead, because the newer ball parks around the league—Shea Stadium, the Houston dome and the new stadiums being built in Atlanta and St. Louis—are very similar to Dodger Stadium; they are all very hard to hit home runs out of. And if the Dodger plan of stuffing their roster with new players is not successful, at least Walter O'Malley has found a way to make everyone buy a scorecard. **END**



ALSTON CONTEMPLATES EMPTY BASE PATHS THAT ARE LIKELY TO REMAIN THAT WAY

SPORT ON THE



FAR SHORES OF EDEN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETE TURNER



THE CRADLE OF CIVILIZATION IS ROCKING. LEBANON, THE PLAYGROUND OF OIL-RICH ARABY, HAS BEEN DISCOVERED BY SPORTS-MINDED TRAVELERS FROM ACROSS THE SEAS. HERE, BENEATH A MIDDLE EASTERN MOON, A PARTY OF AMERICANS CAMPS BY THE ROMAN RUINS AT ANJAR, IN TRANQUIL CONTRAST TO THE FLURRY OF SEASIDE ACTIVITY IN THE PHOTOGRAPHS THAT FOLLOW

CONTINUED

If a 20th century Bruegel were to paint the 20th century world at play, he would find a perfect vantage point on a balcony of the Phoenicia Hotel overlooking the mountain-ringed sweep of Beirut's St. George's Bay. The waterfront is crenelated with beach-club jetties thrusting fingers out to the transparent sea. Floats like strings of red, white and yellow beads shelter swimmers, skin divers and dorade fishers from the high wash of speedboats and from water skiers darting like dragonflies.

This sun, this sea, this harbor and all that surrounds it have made Beirut the new star of Mediterranean tourism. The beaches along the European coasts of the Mediterranean have become overrun with the seasonal surge to the sea, and the searchers have moved steadily eastward. In the isles of Greece the only sure island of quiet is now the deck of a charter boat. Every country with a stretch of Mediterranean shore, from Turkey down through Lebanon, Israel and Egypt, is having a tourist boom measured in increases of hundreds of thousands. Of all these Middle Eastern places, Lebanon is the best prepared to please the seeker after Riviera pleasures: sun, sea, good hotels, good food, a sparkling night life and well-developed sports facilities. One can find all these pleasures in abundant measure without stirring more than 500 yards from the scene in the photograph to the right. Or one can be more adventurous and gamble the night away side by side with bur-noosed sheiks at the lavishly marbled Casino du Liban, or dive for fish and Phoenician coins in ancient walled port cities like Byblos and Tyre, which sent the world's first travelers to the opposite reaches of the Mediterranean.

FROM ATOP THE PHOENICIA, THE SAINT-GEORGES HOTEL LOOKS LIKE A GIANT HOUSEBOAT

CONTINUED



AT SUNSET THE BEACH CLUB UMBRELLA STANDS ARE STRIPPED



OF THEIR BRIGHT CIRCLES OF CANVAS, BUT THE BATHERS LINGER AND THE SKIERS SKI ON





A BIKINIED NEREID IN THE PHOENICIA POOL IS FRAMED IN A WINDOW BEHIND THE HOTEL BAR

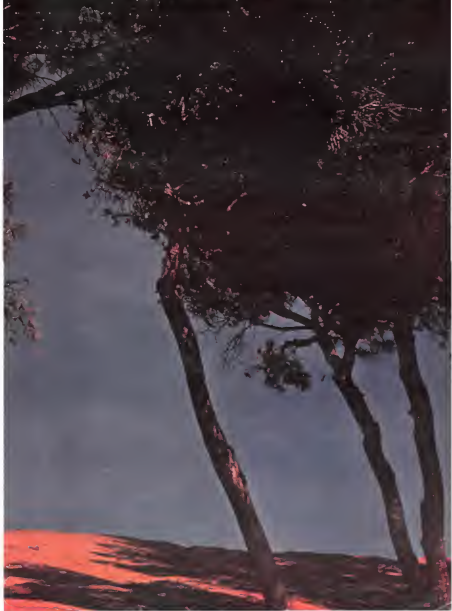


A KITE-BORNE DAREDEVIL TAKES TO THE AIR TO AVOID THE HEAVY TRAFFIC OF WATER SKIERS

ARABIAN SADDLE HORSES ARE FOR HIRE AT BEIRUT'S STABLES.



FAVORITE RIDING TRAILS LEAD THROUGH GROVES OF TALL PINES DOWN TO THE EDGE OF THE SEA





A LONG, EASY TRIP TO A RICH SPORTING LAND

In the hyperbole of travel brochures, Lebanon is described as a country where sports-minded visitors can ski the snows of the Cedars of Lebanon in the morning and the warm blue waters of the Mediterranean in the afternoon. This is in effect a contemporary paraphrase of the ancient Arab poet who described Lebanon as a land which "bears winter upon his head, / Spring upon his shoulders, / Autumn in his bosom, / While summer lies slumbering at his feet." In addition to the Lebanese climate and landscape, the Lebanese capital, Beirut, has so much going for it that there is little wonder it has suddenly become for Americans and Europeans the Cannes of the Middle East. The most important factor working in Beirut's favor is that tourist disease which manifests itself most strongly in an itch to go beyond where one has been before, an itch particularly aggravated when everywhere nearby seems to be spoiled by the crowds. Beirut is the capital on this year's "beyond" map.

Beirut is also one of the easiest places in the world to get to, on 10 major airline routes. It has good, even excellent, hotels and the food is an amalgam of the best of the Middle East and France. Its night life combines the atmosphere of the intrigue bars of Munich's Schwabing and the discotheques of Saint-Germain with the extravaganzas of Monte Carlo and the Oriental sensuousness of Egypt's belly-dance emporiums. And there are days so radiantly sunny that one can enjoy them by doing nothing more active than settling into a chaise by the sea. But the adventurous traveler will bestir himself and seek the pleasures to be found all over one of man's oldest playgrounds.

At Byblos, a tiny port 17 miles north of Beirut, there is layer upon layer of ruins—Assyrian, Phoenician, Roman, Crusader. But down on the harbor at Pepe Abed's Fishing Club there is a rustic, fishes-strung restaurant built into the old Crusader walls where you can have grilled rouget, tomatoes and cucumbers speared with mint, and a bottle of rose made by the Jesuits of the mountain-resort town of Kisra. You can also go out into the harbor and snorkel for Phoenician coins, or spearfish for rock bass.

From the top of Mt. Hermon, highest of the Anti Lebanon range, you can look between two mountain ranges, down the high plain that has been the Middle East's breadbasket since the time of Ezekiel, all the way

to the Holy Land. You get to the top of Mt. Hermon by organizing a sleeping-bag, muleback pack trip in one of the friendly little farm villages in the valley.

On weekend afternoons, Kuwaiti sheiks in gauzy burnouses and European bankers in white linen and all the cacophonous Middle East are at the races to play the Arab horses. Beneath the canopy of the grandstand Singapore fans whir, and the cacophony is joined by cicadas in the groves of umbrella pines that shade the red-earth track.

At midnight at the Casino, a marble-and-glass palace on a promontory overlooking the sea, East meets West once more as tall bloated Scandinavian chorines stage performances that rival those of the Lido while Arabs play boccerai and American oil-field workers shoot craps.

GETTING THERE: Beirut is on Pan American's round-the-world Flight 2, which goes from New York to London and Frankfurt, then on to Beirut in 16 hours. The fare is \$1,285.60 round trip first class, \$798 economy. The Cunard, Norwegian-American and Italian lines have Mediterranean cruises from New York stopping at Beirut. From European ports and cities there are many more scheduled sailings and flights—Beirut lands 50 jets a day.

STAYING THERE: The hotel that made Americans aware of Beirut when it opened with great fanfare in 1962 is the Phoenix, managed by Intercontinental, the hotel division of Pan American Airways. It is entirely air-conditioned and built almost completely of marble, with a balcony leading from virtually every room to overlook St. George's Bay. The rates are indicative of the travel bargain that is Beirut—\$10 to \$15 for a single, \$13 to \$19 for a double. The Phoenix's swimming pool terrace is one of the favorite girl-watching spots in town. Its downstairs nightclub and rooftop restaurant are the town's most elegant. The Saint-Georges Hotel is the old-line center of things social and sportive. It, too, has a balcony for each bedroom, plus the added advantage of a seafloor site where two beach clubs, the Yacht Motor Club and the Saint-Georges Elite Club, extend their jetties from its base (there is very little sandy beach on the bay, only on the open sea). This is where the action is—the water skiing, the boat chartering, the sunning, swimming, kayaking, tennis, outdoor lunching.

These are the places that most of the estimated 80,000 Americans who will visit Beirut this year will know about in advance and will book. But there are many other good hotels. Newest is the Coral Beach, a luxury hotel in the rapidly developing area on the open ocean. Also in this area is the Carlton, as modern as Brasilia. In the other direction, north toward the Casino, is the Tabarja Beach, a self-contained bungalow complex with beach and swimming pool. You need a car for all of these places—the rates of Ava-Mocar and Horiz range upward from \$30 per week. In town, the Bristol and the Alkazar (left) would be the top hotels in many another resort.

EATING THERE: The French food in these Beirut hotels is often the equal of that found in France. A particularly notable French restaurant is Lucullus, down the street from the Phoenix. On the second floor, it has jalousied windows looking out on the tops of palm trees, white nappery, a no-nonsense approach to fresh fish, good salads, cheeses, fruits and wines. The Caves du Roy is a handsome nightclub-restaurant with fine beefsteaks. In Beirut one can also eat in any language, but none more interesting than the native. The place to go is Al-Agami. The mezze, or hors d'oeuvre course, a meal in itself, gives you an idea of the array: as many as 55 dishes, including hummus (mashed chickpeas mixed with sesame oil and garlic); tomatoes and grape or cabbage leaves stuffed with various ground meats, pine nuts and rice; marinated eggplant, peppers and tomatoes, cubes of lamb grilled on a spit; shrimp; olives; cucumber; saute; oysters; brains. The flat bread, rather like tortillas, serves as napkin and plate as well as food. The classic accompaniment is arak, Lebanon's equivalent of the Greeks' ouzo and the Perard of France. The local fruits, displayed at colorful stands all over the country, are shipped around the world.

PLAYING THERE: In addition to the various sporting activities mentioned above, American visitors can play tennis at nine different tennis clubs. An Arabian saddle horse costs \$1 per hour; a day at a beach club about \$1; an Arab felucca \$20 for a day's sailing; and water skiing, the most popular water sport, \$4 for half an hour. Snorkeling is good everywhere—at Tyre you can explore the city Alexander pushed into the sea.

—FRED R. SMITH

THE BEIRUT WATERFRONT GLOWS AT NIGHT WITH THE LIGHTS FROM NIGHTCLUBS AND HOTELS



ELBOW TO ELBOW, DOMINO TEAMS PACK COMMERCIAL CLUB FOR CHAMPIONSHIP

MORE FUN THAN THE WATUSI

San Francisco society is getting its kicks out of a fast form of that old child's game—dominoes

by ROBERT CANTWELL

If you happen to notice in the San Francisco *Social Register*, beside such names as James Maillard or John Menzies or Edgar Osgood—a little symbol Pea (for Pacific Union Club), it means those people are domino players. Posed in its chocolate-colored majesty on the crest of Nob Hill, fronting the lofty elegance of the Mark Hopkins and Fairmont hotels, the Pacific Union is housed in a magnificent convicted mansion overlooks a stupendous city-and-harbor scene and is one of the domino-playing centers of San Francisco, which means it is also one of the domino playing centers of the world.

Or if you happen to hear Ted Baker—a San Francisco investment banker, playing the violin in the Bohemian Club orchestra, you can take it for granted that he is a good domino player. Everyone at the Bohemian Club plays dominoes. There are, of course, other qualifications for playing in San Francisco orchestras or for belonging to exclusive clubs, but right now dominoes has such a firm grip on the city that almost any clubman can be identified as a domino player, no matter what else he does.

The other day Mr. Baker put aside banking and music, temporarily and, with his long-standing partner J. nest Blum, another investment banker and musician, won the domino champion-

ship of the world. They won it during a 16-hour tournament at the Commercial Club. This is another venerable San Francisco institution. It was originally known as the Merchant's Lunch Club, because the merchants of the city met there in 1852 to dine, organize the vigilantes and hang outlaws. Many merchants still eat lunch there, but their pastime has changed from quick justice to fast dominoes. The game is played on large tables for four, and food is placed on a small table beside each player and gulped during the clutter of the contest.

The Commercial Club occupies the top three floors of a building in the financial district. It contains a lofty dining room large enough to hold 400 domino fanatics, with room for waiters bearing drinks to pass between the tables, and room also for referees, officials and hostesses—likewise out of the *Social Register*—to carry results to a green scoreboard extending 40 feet across one end of the hall. It was there, at 9:30 on a Saturday morning, that Baker and Blum began the triumphant course that led to their world domino championship. With respect to the competitive aspects of this achievement, at the moment it is enough to say that by one o'clock or so on Sunday morning they had come out ahead of 199 other domino teams, largely made up of captains of industry, philanthropists, well-known physicians and famous lawyers, plus a few lieutenants of sport—yachtsmen, baseball directors, racetrack owners, hockey bosses, resort developers and football figures.

Among those left behind were: Walter Haas, the benevolent master of Levi Strauss, overall makers, the man who changed the clothing habits of the nation by converting blue jeans from farm garb to playclothes; Robert Lurie, a director of the San Francisco Giants, whose father owns the Mark Hopkins Hotel; J. Max Moore, a political and social fixture in San Francisco and organizer of a small company that grew great making hula hoops; Gordy Soltau, the scholarly-looking onetime end for the San Francisco 49ers, now a first-rate television commentator and domino player, who reached the quarter-finals; Melvin Swig, the president of the San Francisco Seals in the Western

Hockey League, whose father owns the Fairmont Hotel; Alan Fleishacker, grandson of the man who established the great zoo; John and Oscar Sutro, grandsons of the silver miner who gave Sutro Forest to the city; Meville Marx, who played on the team that won the world domino championship last year, who is renowned as the boldest gambler among domino players and who is the new owner of Golden Gate Fields and Tanforan racetracks; and an array of Spreckels, Guitards, Merrills, Hookers, Michaels and other families so celebrated that if you removed their names from *Who's Who in the West* it would be a *So What*.

When Baker and Blum had won the last game and the championship, William Zellerbach—of the Zellerbach paper family—presented them with the permanent trophy, a hefty piece of walnut marked like a double-5 domino. Staggering a little after his 16 hours of officiating and from the weight of the trophy, Zellerbach also gave the new champions four round-trip tickets to Copenhagen. Then everybody staggered off between the dark banks and brokerage houses on California and Montgomery streets and into the warm spring night.

The world championship tournament is a new development in the peculiar enthusiasm for dominoes that has swept San Francisco. However, the 100,000 habitual domino players who reside in the area are not primarily interested in who wins it. "Every player thinks he is the best in the world, no matter who the world champion is," says Palmer Mendelson, the head of a big produce firm who entered the tournament with his business partner.

San Francisco's domino fanatics play before tournaments, during tournaments, after tournaments, at lunch, on country weekends, on ski trips to Alpine Meadows, after matches at the California Tennis Club, before sailing from the St. Francis Yacht Club, at homes, at parties and especially at the 19th hole after a round of golf. "Dominoes are played at every golf club around here," Mendelson went on. "At Olympic, Green Hills, Lake Merced—maybe not as much at Lake Merced as elsewhere; they play a lot of gin there—at California Golf,

Castlewood, Lake Chabot, Burlingame Country Club, everywhere Burlingame is the oldest country club in California. Herb Caen, the columnist, once said the Pacific Union Club was so exclusive that when people finally got in they never came out again. Well, it is even more true of Burlingame."

Bing Crosby plays dominoes at Burlingame. Many Peninsula Golf & Country Club members belong to something called the Bombay Bicycle Riding Club, an organization that holds weekly domino tournaments, with 20 or so tables going steadily. The placid old Emporium department store, which does a big business selling domino sets (priced up to \$100 for solid ivory), is currently holding weekly domino classes. These are taught by Dominic Armanino, a banker and writer. Last month India House, a fashionable restaurant, opened a special room for people who wanted to play dominoes at lunch, and the event was reported in the society pages with only a shade less attention than that given the opening of the opera.

The ordinary, run-of-the-club domino game in San Francisco is 1 and 10—that is, 51 a game and 10c a point. At Lake Merced Country Club it is 4 and 40—\$4 a game and 40c a point. At the Pacific Union Club it is \$8 a game and 80c a point. It is perfectly possible to drop \$25 in a pleasant luncheon game at the Pacific Union. What, you may ask, is this thing called a point? San Francisco enthusiasts enjoy explaining dominoes to newcomers, employing as many technical phrases as possible—kickers, spinners, to wire—in a fashion that seems perfectly clear up to the time the newcomer starts to play. The situation is complicated because Dominic Armanino, after publishing *Dominoes* in 1959 (a bestseller in San Francisco for 15 weeks), copyrighted the name and rules of the game, which he calls five-up. Essentially, however, the San Francisco version of dominoes is a local adaptation of a gambling game played a century ago and known then as all fives or muggins. Napoleon Mirache, one of the first U.S. chess authorities, included a full account of muggins in his *Manual of Chess*, published in 1866.

The game calls for four players to

—continues on



PROFESSIONAL CONCENTRATION helped Gerdy Soltan, only a 49er, to quarterfinals.



UNDIVIDED ATTENTION characterized play of Carl Livingston, founder of the tournament.



CHARM MARKED MOVES of Mrs. Carole Denbar, a member of only women's team to enter.

DOMINOES

draw five dominoes apiece. The remaining eight dominoes in the deck are left on the table and called the honeyard (or the storeyard, in old English how-to-do-it books). In the San Francisco game any domino may be played to start the action. The tiles are laid out as in a normal domino game, with a number from one's hand played against a number on the table, but in the San Francisco game (or in muggins) a point is scored whenever the total of domino spots at the ends of the line adds up to five or a multiple of five.

Suppose there is a 5 at one end of the line of dominoes and a 1 at the other. If you have the 1-5 domino in your hand and play it—the 1 on the 1, of course—the total number of spots at the two ends of the line is now 10, which gives you two points. Fifteen would give you three points, 20 would give you four points, etc. Score is kept on a cribbage board, with the first team to score 61 points winning. When you cannot play you draw from the honeyard, as in ordinary dominoes. As soon as one player has played all his dominoes, he has won that hand. The spots on the dominoes in the hand of the losing team are counted, and the winning team gets one point for each multiple of five. That is how points are made, and at 8 and 30 they accumulate with calamitous speed.

It would be easy to assume that this basically simple game is merely a fad in San Francisco, doomed to go the way of mah-jongg and the spelling game of Scrabble. But this is far from the case. As long ago as the turn of the century, muggins was so deeply rooted in the city's folkways that it began to be known everywhere as the San Francisco game. Why did San Francisco welcome it? The only scholar to deal with the subject was a gifted and little-known Philadelphian named Robert Stewart Culin, a state trooper and amateur ethnologist who eventually became a curator at the Brooklyn Museum. Culin came from an old Pennsylvania family—some of his ancestors were Swedish contemporaries of William Penn—and in his early years he liked to hang around the joss house and headquarters of the Lum I Tong on Race Street in Philadelphia while he was supposed to be working in his father's store. In his *Curious of the Chinese in America*, Culin wrote: "It is not easy to obtain much information from Chinese men concerning the

games and sports of their childhood. They regard the subject as too trivial for discussion, and always burst into loud laughter when one, more good-natured than the rest, attempts to explain them."

Culin persevered, however, and over the years gradually extracted from these merry Orientals the material that went into such works as *The Gambling Games of the Chinese in America* and *The I' Hung or Patriotic Rising, a Secret Society of the Chinese in America*. In the 1890s Culin investigated gambling in San Francisco's Chinatown. There were more than 60,000 Chinese living in seven square blocks just north of the financial district. During the day they worked making overalls, earning \$10 to \$16 a month and their board. At night they patronized some 150 gambling houses, playing fan-tan or a complicated lottery game called white pigeon ticket or dominoes. In *Dominoes, the National Game of China*, Culin said dominoes is the "favorite social game of Chinese laborers in the United States, and is often played in shops after dinner, where all who happen to be present will gather around the table and watch the four players. It is an animated game. The players cry aloud as they play, and the sharp click of the long wooden dominoes as they are whirled in shuffling and piled one on another adds to the noise." That is a good description, with a few minor changes, of modern San Francisco hankers at the end of the day's work.

What with dominoes in one form or another having been a part of the San Francisco scene since the Gold Rush, it came to Carl Livingston Jr., a descendant of Gold Rush-era storekeepers, that the local obsession might be a civic asset. It was 1960 and the Hunters Point Boys' Club had been formed, with clubrooms in an abandoned wartime cafeteria built for shipyard workers. As lighted areas go, Hunters Point was in fairly good shape, but there were few recreational facilities for the Negro children. With people like Willie Mays and Abe Woodson of the 49ers on the board of directors, the Hunters Point Boys' Club tried to fill the need by stocking the ex-cafeteria with pool tables and putting up basketball courts outside.

The budget was \$25,000 a year. Livingston and William Fleishacker, who were also on the Boys' Club board, were charged with putting on some sort of

continues



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drive to raise part of this amount. "I suggested a domino tournament, because every club holds one for its own members," Livingston said, "and I thought we could get the clubs to send their winning teams to a city-wide event." So the entry fee was set at \$100 a team, and it was expected that about 100 teams would enter. But Livingston had not reckoned with the eagerness of lesser-known players to try their domino skill against socialites and celebrities (remember Palmer Mendelson's "every player thinks he is the best"). All sorts of clubs were hastily put together. There were the Lost Coot Gun Club of Petaluma and the Royal Eskilstuna Yacht Club of Sweden, the latter probably the most exclusive club in the world, membership being limited to two Swedes who were visiting San Francisco. In a particularly complicated Scandinavian joke, they named their yacht club for a luglocked mining town high in the Swedish mountains. In all, 142 teams entered. "I am about to do something that has never been done before in the history of mankind," said the then mayor, George Christopher. "I am about to throw out the first domino in a world championship domino tournament."

By the end of the day the Boys' Club had cleared \$11,200, and the domino championship had been added to every social calendar in the city. But the annual tournaments remain highly informal gatherings. Thus there were loud cheers this year when Lawrence Metcalf, a grandson of Huntington, received a skunk cap for having, with his partner, made the lowest score in the championship. In dominoes, to be skunked means that the winning team has moved its pegs up and down the cribbage board to score 61 points before the losing team has turned the corner at the top of the board with 31 points. A team that is skunked pays double the stake.

The fact that domino players seem to have a weakness for practical jokes adds to the informality. For example, there is Robert Tuck, the president of a furnace works, who used to carry light plastic baseballs to Candlestick Park. When a high foul came into the stands, he would toss the plastic baseballs into the air while the real baseball was descending, much to the bewilderment of the crowd. At this year's domino tournament he limited himself to passing out printed warnings addressed to the Internal Revenue Service reading THIS IS A BUSINESS

MEETING. Then there is Dan London, the manager of the St. Francis Hotel, who once had a cable-car bell attached to his Cadillac. He would startle motorists by ringing it on streets where there were no cable cars.

Domino players also have a weakness for dressing in some fashion appropriate to their game, such as the ruffled shirts with domino patterns worn by Wally Haas and his partner John Saito at this year's tourney. Carl Livingston Jr. wore ebony and silver domino cuff links, and his wife Jean a matching pin, when they recently sponsored a domino benefit for opera students. But the all-time champion at dressing up is Mike Desano. Many years ago, when he had a small plumbing business, he was cajoled into being photographed on horseback, wearing a false beard and pretending to be Don Gaspar de Portola, the discoverer of San Francisco Bay. He did so well at it that soon he was a permanent parade leader. Wearing a plumed hat, sword, coat of mail and embossed gauntlets, he appeared on St. Patrick's Day, Columbus Day and at innumerable festivals in between. "When he would pass by in his plumed hat people would say, 'Our plumber! There goes our plumber!'" said Mrs. Zellerbach reminiscently.

"No one seemed to know who I was supposed to be," Mike said. "Even in San Francisco, people would see me and say, 'Who the hell's that?' They thought I was Cortez. In North Beach they thought I was Columbus." Now a builder and apartment-house owner, Desano finished near the bottom in this year's tournament, winning only two games.

"That first tournament was so funny and spontaneous there was never any question but that it would be an annual event," said Mrs. Zellerbach, who was hostess at the first and has served at all of them. The second year there were 176 teams entered. Last year there were 198 teams, and since expenses came to only \$3,775 (with the *San Francisco Chronicle* providing publicity and the prizes being donated), the Hunters Point Boys' Club received \$16,025 of the \$19,800 paid in by the entrants.

By 1964 there were benefit domino tournaments for other causes going on all the time: the East Bay Women's Championship, with 46 teams entered; the Palo Alto tournament for a children's health fund, in which 100 teams paid \$100 a team and which Tennessee



EXPECTATIONS were revealed by the unpoker face of Investment Banker Albert Schwabacher



SATISFACTION was shown by neatly aimed Levi Tycoon Wally Haas on reaching the finals.

continued

Ernie Ford unexpectedly entered and nearly won; the De Young Museum Tournament, run by the top social women's auxiliary of the museum, with 80 teams competing; the Marin Symphony Guild tournament, a husband-and-wife affair costing \$100 a couple; a mixed-doubles tournament for the Merola Memorial Fund, which gives scholarships to needy opera singers; a charity tournament staged by Mrs. Samuel F. B. Morse at Pebble Beach. So many of these were held and in such posh surroundings—the St. Francis Yacht Club or outdoors at the Meadow Club—that the officials of the Hunters Point Boys' Club, who had started it all, were wondering early this year if public interest might not be exhausted.

Not at all. A total of 200 teams signed up, and there could have been twice that many if there had been room for them. Unfortunately, the Commercial Club could accommodate only 400 players. It did not pass unnoticed that San Francisco now had a 400-member domino aristocracy, fixed at that number the way Ward McAllister once limited New York society to 400 members because Mrs. Astor's ballroom could hold no more.

Just as the championship tournament started, a further question was raised

concerning its exclusivity. William Kent III, the chairman, received an indignant telegram from Carnegie, Okla., a town of 1,500 people on the Washita River, protesting that the winners of San Francisco's aristocratic event had no right to be called the world champions. The real world champion domino team was, as had been the case for 21 years, the winner of the annual domino tournament held at Carnegie. "We have no age limit and no entry fee," said Roy McCurley, the editor of the *Carnegie Herald*. "We provide free refreshments, consisting of sandwiches, pies and coffee all day to all contestants."

William Kent III, who is an agitated-appearing but pleasant-mannered young executive, immediately invited the winner at Carnegie to come to San Francisco and play. The time of the tournament made this impossible; the Oklahoma affair, with 184 contestants from Oklahoma, Texas and Kansas playing all day, would still be going on when the San Francisco tournament got under way. In addition, a different kind of dominoes is played in the Southwest, a seven-domino game known as 42, or moon. Four hours before Baker and Blum were victorious in the world domino championship in San Francisco, the veterans

in Carnegie let it be known that the real championship had been won by two farmers from Fredericks, Okla.

By that time the Commercial Club scene was like a crisis day at an old stock exchange where the quotations were posted in chalk. The scorekeepers hurried from the tables to the scoreboard to put up the last scores of the hopelessly defeated; the possible contenders in the finals stood by with folded arms watching their rivals' totals; the empty glasses accumulated. After 10 rounds of play (two games an hour), the 32 teams with the highest scores moved into a special roped-off area where they met on a match-play basis with no time limit.

But it is what the losers did that somehow set this event apart from other sporting championships. They did not stay to watch the final matches, but neither did they leave the area of action in the manner of the vanquished the world around. Instead, they settled down again at tables all over the room and began playing dominoes. Such dedication to the game has resulted in there being two schools of thought as to what is going to come out of the city's domino craze. One school, led by Armanino, holds that the world is on the edge of a great domino boom. These people point out that



WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP WINNERS TED BAKER (FAR LEFT) AND ERNEST BLUM (RIGHT) WERE VISIBLY TENSE DURING THE FINAL GAME

President Johnson was photographed playing dominoes at his Texas ranch during the campaign. They keep track of famous people who play the game, such as Al Lopez, the White Sox manager, a top-ranking domino star, almost a professional—who plays with the cigarmakers of Ybor City in Tampa. They are filled with encyclopedic information about places where the game is played (among them Nagogdoches, Texas, Colorado Springs, Colo., and innumerable Latin-American and West Indian towns where games have been going on almost constantly for years), and they can tell you the stakes at such places as the Bankers Club in Mexico City (\$100 a game). They are also familiar with melodramatic happenings connected with dominoes. In Houston last January 20, nine shots were fired, one man was killed and another wounded during an argument over a domino game in a cafe. Even the Russians have recently given this school of thought encouragement. They took a survey of leisure-time activities of Red soldiers and sailors and found that they were all playing dominoes. "The life of a person without interest is bleak and empty," ran a newspaper editorial on the subject. "Who of us has not seen such people flailing in a

free moment with nothing to do and no purpose? These are the ones who, oblivious of everything else, hammer away at dominoes."

Also widely printed was a letter from Seamus First Class A. Garandhi: "Dominoes are a real evil in our unit. Oh, how I hate them, even though I myself frequently join in. As soon as we have any free time, our sailors begin to slap down the black tiles. Even certain of our officers do not lag behind the sailors and spend their free time just as purposelessly, to the knock of the dominoes."

The other school of thought holds that San Francisco's interest in dominoes comes from the fact that it is a local game, and these people do not want it to spread to other towns. "Old Dominoe believes that dominoes will improve the breed," said one of his friends, referring to Armandino's crusade. "He is always discovering some professor or first-grade teacher who says the game is an aid in teaching arithmetic. But the real appeal of dominoes is that it is of no use whatever." According to these people, dominoes is more of a release than any other gambling game because there is something childlike about it. There is enough skill in the sequence of plays and in deducing where the unplayed dominoes

are to make it interesting ("You can't think about anything else while you're playing") but it requires less concentration than hedge. These defenders of dominoes say that it is unique in another childlike respect: it is possible to concoct a logical, sensible defense of any play that one makes, win or lose. And dominoes are noisy. They snap, knock, crack, rattle, clink and clank all the time, a noise that seems compounded of the sounds of all the games of chance on earth—the rattle of dice, the click of poker chips, the flutter of cards, the whir of roulette. The players shuffle their dominoes with their fingers outstretched, arms moving in opposite directions, rather like a baker mixing the ingredients of some large piece of pastry, and the movement, the noise, the mock-melodramatic muttered appeals to fortune make a domino tournament seem the embodiment of chance itself, suffused with a huge purposelessness and a half-ironic intensity.

"Why, it's just a children's game," exclaimed one visitor to the San Francisco world championship, "and look what they've done with it." True, but who is to say that children's games aren't the best games of all, especially if adult gamblers can master them.

END



JOLLY SOCIALITES SIDNEY LAWRENCE (LEFT) AND LARRY METCALF RECEIVED SKUNK CAPS FOR STUMBLING TO THE LOWEST SCORE

"Good intermediate" skier Kim Novak (*below*) stopped off at Aspen for a little *Wade* and weddin'. The wedding, an outdoor ceremony, took precedence, however. Just as well, perhaps, for Kim—like everyone else—is said to ski a little too fast for her ability, and new husband Richard Johnson has tried the sport only four or five times.

The first ascent of newly named Mount Kennedy, a jagged sea-hung granite spire near the Yukon-Alaska border, will be attempted by an American party of old Everest hands and by a Sunday hiker of no mountain-climbing experience whatsoever, Robert F. Kennedy. Accompanied by Jim Whittaker, first American atop Everest, Bobby is joining the combined Boston Museum of Science-National Geographic Society venture to get a full and unexpurgated dose of mountain. At 13,900 feet Mount Kennedy is the highest und climbed peak in North America. Its challenging summit approaches are notable for sheer granite slabs, for temperatures of 35° below and for 80-mile-an-hour winds.

Charles Linton, most of whose previous performances have been on closed-circuit television or radar, hopes to bury forever his reputation as a bad actor. Sonny has signed for a role in the film production *Harlow*. He will portray a boxer.

Queen Mother Elizabeth, long an avid racing enthusiast and owner of a stable of winning steeplechasers, is the latest and most famous subscriber to a "blower" line. For \$11 a week she gets a private telephone that wafes results and commentary on the ponies direct from the track. In England it's legal.

Algeria may be a trifle short of cash, but it has a surplus of soccer rivalry—and mineral resources. So when Pelé, the Brazilian player reputed to be the world's best, scored eight goals in one game, the North Africans could no longer restrain themselves. An Algerian club offered to barter a whole shipful of gasoline, phosphates, coal and liquid gas for Pelé. Although the offer topped the existing record bid of 50,000 barrels of coffee beans, Pelé's team refused.

Show biz took both Danny Kaye and the Dodgers out of Brooklyn, but it did not take Brooklyn out of either boy or fumes. Last week Flatbush-born Kaye flew from New Orleans to St. Petersburg just to watch the Dodgers play. "I'm a rabid ball fan," he said almost apologetically. "Always have been." By ball fan, of course, Kaye means Dodger fan. Estimating that Danny sees 90% of home games in Los Angeles, General Manager Buzzy Bavasi says that, for a Brooklyn Dodger fan, Kaye is very loyal: "As long as we win, he's satisfied."

Ranking fallen skier of the season: Queen Juliana of The Netherlands, who broke her right ankle skiing at Lech, Austria. After treatment in Zürich, she returned to Lech with her leg in a plaster cast.

Adolph Rupp of Kentucky, the old basketball generalissimo, suffered through a 15-10 record this season, the worst in his 34 years as head coach. Though shaken by this intimation of mortality, Rupp could scarcely have anticipated the further ignominy awaiting him. On a recent trip through western Kentucky, Rupp stopped at a remote crossroads store to buy a fine-looking country ham he had spotted in the window. When he started to pay for the hams, he found he didn't have enough cash. The storekeeper agreed to take a check. Rupp beamed, made one out and pointed to the signature. "Know who that is?" he asked expansively. "Well," the merchant replied, "I'm a hopin' it's you."

Barbara Hutton, weighing only 92½ pounds as the consequence of a mysterious intestinal ailment, left San Francisco for Maui and a period of recuperation. "I'm looking forward to a lot of golf in the islands," said Barbara. "Oh, I don't play," she admitted. "I just follow the others around. I love the feel of grass on my bare feet."

Jon Morrow Lindbergh is a man fascinated by the sea. Setting up a deep-sea-diving business in Seattle for Ocean Systems Inc., Lindbergh plans to use a 200-pound pressurized diving bell which he himself helped develop. "Underwater exploration techniques and equipment are at the same existing stage today that airplanes were 30 years ago," he says.

Still wanting very much to be alone, Greta Garbo appeared (or, rather, disappeared) at Little Dix Bay on Virgin Gorda island for some Caribbean sunning and swimming. Traveling as Mary Ahern and wearing black kenchef and rose-smoked glasses, Greta headed directly for the most remote cottage Little Dix had to offer.

How does a sports-minded spaceman like Russian Cosmonaut Lt. Colonel Alexei Leonov relax, apart from an occasional stroll in the great outdoors? He goes fishing, that's how. So at least says the Soviet news agency, Tass, which released this picture of Alexei—intended, no doubt, as a plug.





Why this new rider belongs in the same garage with a 1931 classic Chrysler straight eight

Since it's a handsome, sporty riding mower, but more than that, it's likely to be the choice of a man who can appreciate a well-designed, no-nonsense piece of mechanical equipment.

The Turfmaster 21 is a rugged, compact grass cutting machine (garage space only 28 x 40 inches), and just right for the fellow who is now ready for a rider.

Let's look at the features.

On the dash you'll find the throttle (*off, slow, fast, choke*), cutter bar control (*start, stop*). The handy stick shift

(*forward, neutral, reverse*) is just below and to the right of the spring-type operator saddle. The drive pedal is on your right, brake pedal on the left.

There's a husky 4 hp Briggs and Stratton engine under the hood, pneumatic tires on the rear for easy-on-the-lawn traction, and automotive-type steering for efficient maneuvering.

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TURFMASTER®

Jack and Jimmy hold a bash in the Big Thicket

Two pros who like murderous competition offer amateur golf a rare lift by staging an event that has class, crowds and TV



BURKE AND DEMARET, OFTEN TROPHY TAKERS, NOW GIVE ONE AWAY

A funny thing happened in Texas last week. Somebody did something nice for amateur golf. For those who have forgotten, amateur golf is the sport that attracted galleries of 18,000 when Bobby Jones was winning the U.S. Amateur in 1930, and which now draws seven old ladies and a small dog, this being an era when any tall boy who can break 90 announces at age 11 that he is turning professional.

The somebody, actually somebodies, who are trying to subvert this trend are two of America's noted old pros, Jimmy Demaret and Jack Burke Jr. For the past seven years they have been operating a club called Champions just outside their home town of Houston and just inside a vast forest of pine and oak and gum trees called the Big Thicket. It was there, on one of the truly magnificent and complex golf courses in the country, that they staged the fifth renewal of their Champions Cup Invitational. No matter how it is measured, the Champions Cup is a major event—72 holes of stroke play over four days, large galleries, three hours of statewide TV on each of the final two days and a silver trophy as big around as Demaret. It has, in other words, all the trappings of big-time tournament

golf except that the contestants are amateurs instead of pros.

Charlie Coe and Deane Beman, who have each won the U.S. Amateur Championship twice, were there, and so were two-man teams composed of 126 other golfers with handicaps of 5 or less. Coe and his partner, Dee Replogle, represented the Oklahoma City Golf and Country Club, Beman and William Buppert played for the Chatham Country Club of Martinsville, Va. and one twosome came from as far away as Calgary. Each pairing counted only its best ball.

When the front-running teams came down the stretch on Sunday afternoon before a gallery of several thousand, the suspense was as dense as bouillabaisse. Ed Hopkins and Wilson Schoellkopf Jr., from the Brook Hollow Golf Club in Dallas, had started the day with a two-stroke lead. Throughout the final nine holes they lost and regained it several times to two San Antonio stockbrokers, Johnny Thornton and Bobby Wakowich, who were struggling to return the Champions Cup to their Oak Hills Country Club, where they had taken it after winning last year.

It was the 32-year-old Thornton who eventually saved the silver. At the 17th

he rescued a par with a fine recovery from a woody ditch, followed by a 40-foot putt over one of the waviest of Champions' terrifying greens. The two teams ended up tied at 282 for the 72 holes, and on the first playoff hole Thornton drilled in a 25-footer for a birdie 2 and victory. The loudest sound heard over the roar of the crowd was a lady shouting. "We can't afford another trip to Pebble Beach." It was a dismayed Mrs. Thornton, suddenly remembering that the winners would again receive an invitation to the Crosby in February.

How come all this pother over a bunch of amateurs? "Listen," says Jackie Burke, who was a Masters and PGA champion before he was 34 years old. "It's getting so there isn't any place in golf for the good amateur. The amateur," he says, pacing around his office at Champions and raising his voice often enough to make you realize he cares about what he is saying. "Just doesn't get any damn recognition. You take some of these kids coming along now who can hit the ball a ton. They could have fine careers in business and make themselves a heap of money and play their golf and have a good life. But what do they want to do? They want to go out on the pro tour and

get their names in the paper and be there on that TV set on Sunday afternoon and get themselves a little fame. They want some glamour out of their golf.

"I'm telling you, there isn't anybody going to pay any attention to these young people coming along as amateurs. It isn't like 30 or 40 years ago, when you had amateurs like Bobby Jones and Johnny Dawson and George Von Elm, who were the big names of golf, and maybe the only professionals that anybody knew about were Hagen and Sarazen and a couple of others.

"That's why Jimmy and I wanted to put on a tournament like this. Why, man, on Saturday and Sunday you got the leaders here on TV and their pictures all over the paper, and they really feel like they've done something. This weekend we've got statewide TV, and there's a chance we'll be on national TV next year. We've also got signs going along with the leaders telling how they stand, and we've got 400 local sponsors for the tournament, and we really push those ticket sales. We want galleries. We don't care what they pay. The money isn't important. You can get a season ticket for \$2. We just want old LevRoy and his wife and his four kids to have a good time and picnic under the trees and watch the amateurs play golf."

Jackie Burke is now 42, his partner, Demaret, is 54 and, though they are both seen occasionally on the pro circuit, they are pretty well retired from the week-to-week chores of tournament golf. Their interest now is Champions, which they have developed into a place to play golf, and nothing else.

Built on the sandy loam of the Big Thicket, the course is as flexible as a rubber band, playing at any distance from 6,200 to 7,600 yards. It was designed as a frank imitation of Augusta National and there is no denying its quality. Coe, an Augusta member himself, last week called Champions "as fine a tournament course as I have ever played." Jack Valenta, the Houston advertising man who now spends most of his time in Lyndon Johnson's outer office, thought up the name Champions for the club.

Facilities at the course consist of one of the most comfortable and congenial locker rooms in existence, a large room for eating and drinking and a swimming pool. "When LevRoy comes out to play golf," Burke explains, "he wants a place

to change his shoes and to get a sandwich and get going. He does not want to find the dining room all cluttered up with Mrs. O'Leary's bridge party or Mrs. Smithwick's daughter's wedding. There is no reason why golf clubs should have to take care of America's social problems. Let the tennis clubs do it. Last year we opened another 18 holes so that there would be one course just for men. On the other one the husbands can play with their wives and children.

"Golf should be a tough, competitive game. The Scots have the right attitude. They feel you go out on the course and try to beat the other guy's brains in. That's recreation. If LevRoy goes out on the course just to sell a load of pipe or an insurance policy, that's not golf."

Since Burke and Demaret began the Champions Cup tournament in 1961, they have regarded the event as a kind of missionary attempt to promote the amateur game on just such a tough, competitive basis. Their main objective has been to get a field of the country's best players, but this also brings in some interesting nongolf personalities—and attracts a number of nongolf fans who

would rather watch Bob Sterling miss a 40-foot putt than Deane Beman sink one. This year Sterling, one of the best of the movie golfers, was teamed with Nicky Hilton, whose father owns all those hotels.

Burke and Demaret play down the celebrity aspect, though, and the week's social activities are kept at a minimum. "We won't let this turn into some kind of outing," Burke says. "We don't want people to be more interested in the dance band than the players. If we can make this the kind of tournament it ought to be, then the guys will take the message back to their clubs and the idea will grow. The next thing you know, there will be more tough golf tournaments for the best amateurs, and there will be some incentive and recognition for them. That is what the game needs. There is room for no more than 100 touring pros, so if you are going to keep the sport alive for the 10,000 eager amateurs you've got to have good tournaments for them. You get all those guys beating each other's brains in and pretty soon you'll have LevRoy coming out to watch. That's real golf."

END

STOCKBROKER THORNTON, WHO STAVED OFF DEFEAT AND GOT THE 2 THAT WON



the General

HORSE SHOWS / Alice Higgins



A DAVO L. WOLPER PRODUCTION NARRATED BY VAN HEFLIN—Brilliant strategist... flamboyant leader... fiercely dedicated soldier... controversial public figure. This was General Douglas MacArthur—hero of two World Wars and Korea. But what do we know of MacArthur, the man? With rare films and photographs, many never seen before, this fascinating documentary paints an honest, intimate portrait. Join the privileged few who saw MacArthur in momentous hours of courage and conviction, in fleeting moments of informality with friends and family. "The General"—man and myth—is third in a series of great TV Specials, presented by 3M Company.

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New voltage for an old circuit

Florida's leaky-roof loop has a fresh appeal and high potential

For years Florida's winter circuit was the Three-4 league of the horse show world—lowbrow and leaky-roof. I have just had a look at the Florida shows, 1965 style, and the news is that the Sunshine Circuit is reaching for the major leagues. If New York and Devon and the other prestige shows are still comfortably ahead, those at Winter Haven, Orlando, Delray Beach and Miami have at least moved up to the high minors, and there is no telling how good they may become. Winter Haven's event is only a couple of jumps and a canter away from big-time status right now. The other shows share its high potential.

Florida is moving up because horses and money are coming in and substantial new show facilities are being added. More than 800 horses were shown this winter. They were of excellent quality and were drawn from all over the U.S. and from Canada and Mexico. They competed for \$100,000 in prizes—an impressive sum.

Apart from this general upgrading, the circuit was noteworthy this winter for its aggressive use of the multi-ring system. Winter Haven now has two rings, and there is talk of building a third to handle the large hunter-jumper classes. Separate rings are clearly a boon to both the spectator and the exhibitor, eliminating the boredom that goes with having to watch routine fence-setting. Spectators simply leave one ring, walk to the other and watch the classes showing there. Meanwhile, the course designer has plenty of time in which to rearrange the first ring for the next class. Exhibi-

120-pound Chi-Chi Rodriguez hit the Black Dot 40 feet.

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tors know with greater accuracy when their horses are due to be shown. "I remember," said one exhibitor, looking around Winter Haven's Imperial showgrounds, "when we used to jump over orange crates in a schoolyard. Just look now." His arm swept the site, indicating a large hunter-jumper ring with a separate warmup area, a saddle-horse ring with banked turns and its own make-up oval, and Peter Duchin's band playing to a capacity crowd.

The Florida entries came in such numbers that in one instance two large events were held simultaneously—one for hunters and jumpers at Delray, the other for saddle horses, roadsters, ponies, Arabians and Tennessee Walking Horses at Orlando. The Orlando show was staged at the Seminole racetrack for the first time. Thus the facilities, with the important exception of the ring itself, which became muddy in heavy rains, were very good.

Unfortunately, however, the stabling in Winter Haven and Miami was still inadequate. "It's very depressing to come over 1,000 miles," complained an exhibitor, "and then have to put your horses in stalls like these."

There were other growing pains. In Miami the American Horse Shows Association chose to try out its saliva-testing program, and the result was much confusion. But after the first panic subsided the classes were well filled. Miami was also picked by the AHSA for the start of a new nationwide campaign of inspection of Tennessee Walking Horses in an effort to curb abuses still prevalent.

Although all proved well in Miami, there was a nasty incident in Winter Haven after James K. Taylor, an Alabama real estate broker, rode his stallion, Moonglow, Jr., to victory in the amateur stallion-gelding stake. Three days later, when the horse was led from the stall for the championship event, he came out on three legs. A six-inch nail had been driven into his left front foot. The police were called, lie-detector tests were given, a reward was offered to tempt informers and the investigation was continued through the Orlando show. The saboteur was not caught, however, and it appears that once again the deliberate maiming of a competitor's horse will go unpunished.

But the circuit itself, after being on three legs for so long, at last has all four under it and nowhere to go but up. **END**



Fond of things Italiano? Try a sip of Galliano

As Italian as the timeless facades along the Grand Canal, Galliano is liqueur in the grand manner. In Livorno, legend says they distill the golden rays of the sun and put them into each drop of Galliano. Look for the tall, tapered bottle. Enjoy Galliano—the fine Italian liqueur that has conquered America.



Detroit flies high on beat-up old Red Wings

A middle-aged forward named Ullman scored most of Detroit's goals and a youngster named Crozier stopped the other team's, but it was the hoariest old man in hockey who really put the Red Wings over the top



INCORRIGIBLE TRESPASSER Norm Ullman invaded the Ranger goalie's territory.

"I don't figure. It just don't figure," said the counterman in the restaurant on Grand River Avenue, and almost everyone in Detroit agreed with him. What didn't figure was that the Red Wings seemed about to win their first NHL championship in eight years and one look at the players on the Detroit bench explained why. Gordie Howe, the greatest forward of all time, is prying fast. Bill Gadsby looks as if he should be sipping tea on the porch of an old soldiers' home. Marcel Pronovost looks rather like an old, old boxing glove left out in the yard over a few winters, the result of skating on his face for 14 years. Add to these 40-year-old Ted Lindsay, who

returned to hockey after four years of retirement, and you have the nucleus for a bomb—a defused one. When you consider that the last crutch keeping members of this wrinkled cast from falling flat is a rookie goalie playing his first year in the majors, it's obvious the thing is hopeless. But, as Gordie Howe puts it: "Our kids aren't really kids anymore and our old men have quite a bit left."

Howe, even at 37, ranks third among the scorers in the NHL this year. His 34-year-old teammate, Alex Delvecchio, is suddenly more effective than he has ever been. Gadsby (37) and Pronovost (34) are still rated the best defensemen in the league. And Lindsay has scored 14 goals. "Nobody in the history of the world could've predicted that," said one awed fan.

Another prediction nobody could have made was the surprise emergence of Norm Ullman as one of the top stars of the league. Although a baby in comparison to Gadsby and Lindsay, 29-year-old Ullman has been around eight long major league seasons without managing to attract anyone's particular attention. Now all at once he is tied with Bobby Hull in goals scored and ranks second in points to Stan Mikita.

"The big thing about Ullman," says his wingman, Floyd Smith, "is that he's a great forechecker. When the puck goes into the offensive end he's right behind it. The guy never lets up."

Ullman's capacity for hustle was never more apparent than last Friday night when the Wings came into New York anticipating an easy victory that could virtually sew up the championship. The out-of-the-running Rangers, always best with nothing at stake, shattered this complacency promptly with an early first-period goal that put New York one up. Detroit's Ron Murphy evened the score, then Howe and Ullman put the Wings ahead, but not for long. By the middle of the second period Detroit was trailing again by two goals, and Red

Wing fans who had come east to see the game were sensing in their stomachs that despair that goes with a foretaste of defeat. In an almost incredible outpouring of sustained energy during the next 30 minutes Norm Ullman forestalled both defeat and stomachache by scoring two more goals. Detroit didn't win, but Ullman by pure hustle had produced the tie that put the Red Wings a comfortable four points ahead of Montreal in the standings.

Ullman's brand of play mirrors perfectly the whole Red Wing attack. They are forever scuffling and scrambling for the puck and continuously checking—a pastime that seems actually to refresh the Wings. "There's nothing mysterious about what the Wings are doing," says Punch Imlach, of Toronto. "It's just work. They never stop skating. They throw the puck in your end and keep chasing it. I don't know how Abel can keep them doing it game in and game out. I can't with our guys."

At least one part of the answer lies in Detroit Coach Sid Abel's decision to use four forward lines in place of the usual three.

"With that extra line," says Delvecchio, "we're on the ice about a minute and 15 seconds and off three minutes. It means us old guys can push ourselves to the hilt."

But the old men are not the only players Abel nursemaids along to solicitously to build his winning team. Some weeks ago, when rookie Roger Crozier began to show the strain of a season that seems certain to win him the Vezina Trophy as top goalie of the league, Abel sent him to Florida for a vacation. Refreshed and rested, but back in his pads again and working harder than ever, Roger celebrated his 23rd birthday in the Wings' dressing room feeling like a veteran.

"I'll tell ya," he said, cutting the cake with a sigh. "I'm 23, but I'm beginning to look 35, and I feel like I'm 48." "Well," countered Bill Gadsby. "I'm 40, but I feel like I'm 25."

END

DENVER FOOTBALL

continued from page 27

sold 3,357. Last week the total had spiraled up to 17,927, with as many as 921 sold in a single day. The *Denver Post* carries a front-page box every afternoon showing total sales and the number sold the previous day. Palmer Hoyt, editor and publisher of the *Post*, has instituted an employees' payroll-checkoff plan under which a person can buy a season ticket for himself for \$186 per week and for children under 17 for 44¢ a week. Twenty-two other companies in Denver have done the same thing.

"A prospering professional football team is a major asset to any community, not only for entertainment but also for its direct and indirect effect on the community's prestige and economy," said Hoyt.

Mark Freeman, a former major league pitcher, is president of the Denver Broncos Quarterback Club. Bronco booster clubs currently are doubling their memberships merely by scheduling meetings. "I would like to think it was just a pragmatic, businessman's decision that made me get into this drive," Freeman said. "But actually it was because I am a fan. The way the sales have gone has evoked nothing in me but total disbelief. And, of course, pride."

Probably the biggest factor contributing to the Bronco ticket surge is a refinancing, no-service-charge plan started by Ron Hermes, a vice-president of the Peoples Bank in suburban Aurora. When Bank President H. J. Bleakley approved the idea and the Broncos announced it, people began pouring into the bank from all over the state. Under the Hermes plan, a buyer selects a stadium seat and then signs a "Bronco Note." The bank pays the full price of the season ticket—\$31.50—to the Broncos. The ticket buyer pays the bank \$7.85 down (which includes 35¢ for mailing and insurance) and the rest in four installments of \$6 each. There is no interest on the note. Since Hermes started the idea, nearly 20 other banks and savings-and-loan associations have adopted it.

From merely being on the hound of a team that nobody in Denver seemed to care about, the Phipps brothers are suddenly the owners of a team with an almost fanatical fandom. Owning the Broncos means owning Empire Sports, Inc., a corporation that also owns a minor league baseball team called the Denver Bears and the 34,264-seat Bears Stadium, where the Broncos play. Empire

Sports got the original Denver football franchise in 1960, when the AFL was organized, and the Broncos put a ludicrous team on the field.

The players were dressed in uniforms with socks that had vertical stripes. They were ashamed to leave their locker rooms, and often looked more interested in hiding their socks than in winning a game. They would come out for the kickoff like ladies surprised at their bath. They had no play books. Sometimes the quarterback simply squatted on the ground and drew the play with his finger. After Denver's first extra-point conversion, the general manager ran into the stands and wrestled the ball away from a fan. The Broncos did not sign enough draft choices to fill a closet. But in 1961 Kunz, a former Marine Corps colonel in combat in the South Pacific, formed a syndicate to buy Empire Sports, and Gerry Phipps became chairman of the board.

The Phippses are a wealthy, old-line, respected Denver family related to the more widely known horse-owning Phipps clan of New York. Allan Phipps, a lawyer, and Gerry were active in Denver civic affairs, but neither took much of a role in operation of the Broncos until last fall, when Manager-Coach Jack Faulkner was fired and Mac Speedie became the Denver coach. Then, suddenly, the Phippses moved to the foreground in an effort to rally the morale of the team and the public.

"Why do we want to keep the Broncos in Denver?" Gerry Phipps, a tall, graying, pinch-waisted man, asked last week. "I could sell out and make a potful of money. We're not kidding ourselves that this will ever be a gold mine here. But we're trying to attract industry to this community. Nothing would hurt us more than headlines around the country saying Denver had lost its football team. I would be cutting my own throat if I did something that would set back the community, and if we can sell 20,000 season tickets we can break even financially."

Gerry Phipps brushes off any possible objection to Denver by NBC, which insists it would never object anyhow. "Green Bay is the No. 1 attraction in the NFL nationwide," he said. "Because of community support here, we can be in pretty much the same position in the AFL. We've got to start winning games, but we've got the fans now. We haven't done any good at all selling tickets at the Denver Country Club or Cherry Hills,

the status places. But we've done very well in appealing to the little man. Our Quarterback Club is full of guys in service-station uniforms. The Broncos will be their alma mater. I know we're going to have to have a bigger stadium. We can't really compete unless we have 50,000 seats. I think what we'll do is add on to the stadium we have. We pay about \$250,000 per year in maintenance and taxes, plus servicing the debt that was there when we took over in 1961 and the debt we've added. When I think of how the Kansas City Chiefs were paying a dollar a year for a stadium and Buffalo \$5,000 a year while getting 13½¢ of the concessions it's not easy to forget all the problems we've had. But we're on our way to success now."

The Broncos have dealt for Fullback Cookie Gilchrist from Buffalo and Halfback Abner Haynes from Kansas City, two of the AFL's best running backs when they came to be. The football team should be improved by their presence. And already the Broncos have sold more season tickets than the average attendance (16,894) at last year's games. Denver is a town of football fans gone mad. The astonishing thing is that they will have something to watch. A month ago you could have got a bet against it anywhere in town.

END

Civic leader Gerry Phipps and his brother surprisingly kept his Broncos in Denver.







The Basques, who invented it, call it pelota. A game of great beauty and risk, it enthralls betting crowds in six Florida cities now and is attracting fresh athletes around the world

BY JACK OLSEN

JAI ALAI: FURY AT THE FRONTON

Francisco Charro, the best jai alai player in the world, flings himself high into the air to catch a ball traveling at 150 mph. When he comes down, he will leave the ball to the front wall, after which it will become the exciting, carousing problem of his watchful opponents in whose

CONTINUED

My father he have chickens when I am a boy," said Francisco Maria Churrucua Iriondo Azpiazu Alcorta, "and he also have *porks*. Every morning he goes to his work to make sheeps. Sheeps? You know, *larcos* that ride on the water? *Su, ships!* So he tell me you give the animals to eat while I am away. I make the chickens and the *porks* to eat, and then I drive my bicycle over the mountains to the jai alai. There I must play in the naked feet because if I hurt my shoes my father will know I am in the jai alai that day. And that is how I begin."

Francisco Maria Churrucua Iriondo Azpiazu Alcorta, known to his friends as Patxi, lives four months of the year in a second-floor apartment near the Miami airport and the rest of the year in a colorful home in Motrico, a Basque fishing village a few dozen miles from the Franco-Spanish border. He is a handsome man of 29 with sloping brown-green eyes, a slightly receding hairline and a vague resemblance to the actor Mel Ferrer. Churrucua has difficulty with English because his first tongue, Basque, is not

even in the same family of languages; he speaks Spanish, his second language, with somewhat greater fluency. He earns about \$30,000 a year after taxes, more than anyone else in his sport. Francisco Maria Churrucua Iriondo Azpiazu Alcorta, "Churrucua" on the betting program, is the world champion of jai alai, a sort of supercharged three-wall handball played with long, curved baskets.

Being world champion of jai alai was, until recently, like being stickball king of The Bronx or downhill skiing champ of western Kansas. The sporting fraternity was inclined to think of jai alai as a gimmick (when they were inclined to think of the game at all), a mere excuse to get \$2 down at night when the horses were in bed. But while nobody was looking, the game has achieved a measure of international prominence, and the person who still views jai alai as a local rite played by Basque shoeherders is missing something. The Federacion Internacional de Pelota Vasca, ruling body of the game, is pressing to have jai alai for simply "pelota," as it is called in the Old World) made a part of the 1968

Olympics in Mexico City, and may well get its way, as the Japanese did with volleyball. Every two years the Federation runs an international pelota championship, drawing teams from countries like Argentina and Uruguay and Italy, as well as those old beldames of the sport, Spain and France. The demand for professional jai alai players has become so great that training schools have been established in the Basque country of Spain, where *muchachos* of 9 and 10 are carefully groomed for frontons in six cities in Florida, three cities in Mexico and professional arenas in Manila, Milan, Madrid, Barcelona and elsewhere. The game that once was considered on a sporting level with cockroach races now is attracting amateurs in many parts of the world, and even a *gringo* may rent all the necessary equipment to go out and look like an idiot at "America's Only Amateur Jai Alai Court" in north Miami.

One watches Churrucua and his opponents—almost all of them Basques who were brought up around the frontons of the Pyrenees—and one gets the

continued

The Miami fronton is 176 feet long, 55 feet wide and 44 feet high. After it is thrown to the front wall, the ball may hit the side and back walls of the court and the floor. It stays in play until it hits the floor for the second time or goes out of bounds.





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Preparing to serve, Churrua scoops up the ball after bouncing it once. In the same motion he will whip it against the wall, 130 feet away.

idea that the game is simple. The pelota comes bounding off the front wall; Churrua races into position, takes the ball with a resounding *plop* in his cesta, and in one smooth motion slings it back to the front wall. And so the game goes until one player cannot make the catch-and-throw, and a point is scored.

The apparent ease with which Churrua and the rest of the troupe keep the pelota zipping about for as long as two or three minutes at a time occasionally leads the unknowing to shout, "Fix!" when a shot is missed or when a ball spins haphazardly out of the cesta of a star player. Such cynics should be sentenced to one hour on a jai alai court to try the game on for size, as I did. Then they will understand why a jai alai player must begin when he is a stripling, must play the game for six or eight hours a day and must bring himself to a peak of physical conditioning before he has a vestige of a prayer of becoming a professional. Anyone who has ever played tennis can take a crack at racquets or squash or badminton or table tennis without looking too much the fool, but attempting to throw a jai alai ball around without any experience is equivalent to sitting down to a mah-jongg game with your Chinese laundryman.

Not understanding or believing any of this when it was explained to me, I went to the Miami fronton to have a go at this most graceful and most difficult of racket games. My instructor, an amateur, strapped a cesta on my wrist, illustrated a few easy lob shots to the side wall and plunked the ball into my basket. "Duck soup!" I said. I wound up and flung the ball and fell back as it hit the floor in front of me and kazoomed up past my nose. On a second try the ball squiggled out behind me, and on a third it merely fell out of the cesta while I was planning the shot. After a solid hour of instruction, I was able to lob the ball overhand, like an elderly Basque grandmother with elbow chaps, till it almost reached the wall. This, I learned later, is about the most an amateur can expect during his first few weeks of instruction. The normal overhand baseball delivery is useless; it only causes the ball to roll up the cesta and follow the curved end downward to the floor. The various methods of propelling a pelota out of the cesta and up to the front wall are so unlike the classical motions of other sports that the Miami fronton has had a standing bet with American athletes for years. The victim is rigged up in a cesta and placed at the service line, some

130 feet from the front wall, and challenged to throw the ball to the wall on the fly once in three tries. "We have lost that bet once," said Louis (Buddy) Berenson, assistant manager of the fronton, "and then it was to a guy I think had played before."

Widal, the most difficult public-relations problem faced by the promoters of jai alai is the enard that every flubbed shot is a fake. Perhaps such cynicism is inevitable in the only game in which Americans are permitted to bet on human beings, but the fact is that in four decades of jai alai in Florida there has never been a public scandal attached to the game. This is not true in the rest of the world, where the system is different and lends itself to an occasional justified scream of anguish by the bettors. In Florida all bets go through a pari-mutuel setup, and when the game starts, all betting is over, diminishing any further chance of hanky-panky. In countless places like Madrid and Mexico City, games are halted frequently to give bookies a chance to corral new point-by-point action; hence there is a tendency by players to keep the games close, to excite the crowd and increase the handle. But it is rare in any part of the world for players to lose intentionally; such shenanigans are just not in the Basque makeup. The last known attempt at a real fix took place in Cuba, back in the days before Fidel Castro closed the Havana fronton. Two doubles players agreed to go into the tank, bet heavily on their opponents and then got so excited in the heat of the contest that they won, thus losing their *cumios* and succeeding in being banished from jai alai forever.

Still, one hears the sour grapes in Miami: "This game is as crooked as a cow's hand leg." "They're all brothers-in-laws, you know." "I know who's gonna win. My buddy went to the rehearsal." "This game is a benefit for No. 6. His wife just had a baby." There is no surer way to risk one's life and limb than to make such cracks in the presence of a jai alai player, who risks his own life and limb nightly for sacks of prize money (\$62,000 at Miami alone this year) and, more important, for the fierce pride and in-

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tegrity that come naturally to the Basque people. Even the mild Churruca is capable of outbursts of impropriety when the old "fix" charge is trundled out, usually by losers. Not long ago Churruca went with his wife to a Miami record store where a Spanish-speaking shopgirl recognized him and began carping. "She says to me the game is fixed," Churruca recalled, "and I do not say nothing. She gets worse and worse, and still I don't say nothing. 'Everything in jai alai is fixed,' she says, and I say, 'If you say so.' But she don't stop. So finally I tell her in Spanish, 'How many dollar do you ask for going to the bed?' She told me, you don't have enough money for that in the world. I say, 'Yes, I have. Fifty cents!' And my wife put down the records and we walked out, and I told the girl she is selling her last record to a jai alai player."

Buddy Berenson, son of the man who made jai alai a financial success in the U.S., is another who bristles at the fix charges. "You'd never believe the gall of some of these people," Berenson said. "One night a guy I knew, a businessman, comes over to me in the audience, and he says, 'C'mon, Buddy, you know who's gonna win. Why don't you let a guy in on it?'"

"I said, 'You sell typewriters, don't you? And of course they're all defective, right? And you charge people for typewriters and you take their money and then you don't deliver, right?' He says, 'What do you mean? You're calling me a thief!'"

"I said, 'What the hell do you think you're calling me?' It had never occurred to him."

In recent years the fans in Miami, where the big money draws the best in the game during the winter season, have mellowed somewhat, and some have even come to appreciate the finer points of the game, even as the aficionados in Guernica and Barcelona and San Sebastian. One hears applause for players who have tried and failed to make the spectacular "gets" that call for mountain-giant agility up the perpendicular wall, and a player who is injured is no longer excoriated as a flunk but applauded as a fallen hero. "Sophistication was a long

Continued



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JAI ALAI *continued*

time coming," says Berenson, "but I think you can say it is here at last. Of course, we still have the elderly people out for a good time, the ones who can't even pronounce the players' names and keep everybody else in stitches. They call Chimeka 'Shlome!' and Mendizabal 'Matzo Ball' and Bengoa 'Benny' and Arakistam 'Rocky Stein.' One night I heard a woman rooting her head off for Francisco. She was saying, 'Come on, Franciscule baby!'"

A few years back the parimutuels were being distorted nightly by an excellent player named Isidoro who specialized in a "Manolete" shot. Just as Manolete used to pass the bull while looking somewhere else, Isidoro would catch the ball on the short hop and slam it back to the front wall while staring at a little old lady in the third row. Thousands would cheer, and the opponent would feel a whammy creeping over him. Shortly after the clever Isidoro arrived on the scene, word went out that he was Jewish, his name and his long (and typically Basque) nose were all the proof the fans needed. "He denied it," said Berenson, "but people said he must be Jewish with that name and that nose. They said he was descended from the Inquisition Jews who ran away to the hills and took the Catholic religion to stay alive."

From then on, poor Isidoro was an underlay in Miami. Two dollars bet on Isidoro's long nose would return only \$2.50 or \$3, partially because he was a star but mostly because he was an Isidoro. In the sports folklore of the Barney Rosses and the Sid Luckmans and the Al Roses, Isidoro will be remembered as one of the greatest non-Jewish Jewish athletes.

To capitalize on the high percentage of Jewish spectators, the Miami fronton's archcompetitor at Dania, 22 miles up the road, once installed an "Israel" team in its "International World Series of Jai Alai." The two players on the "Israel" team, Egurbi and Ituarte, were as Jewish as Francisco Franco—which led Howard Kleinberg of the *Miami Daily News* to ask, "Could that be Irving Egurbi?" Soon after, the Israeli team was provided with a new country to represent.

To the minor annoyance of the jai alai *continued*

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JAI ALAI (continued)

purist, such artificial devices remain a commonplace in the vigorous competition for the tourist's dollar. Even the Berensons, merchants of jai alai but also ardent devotees of the grace and beauty of the game, are not above fiddling the act. In a recent "World Series" game in their Miami fronton, the Berensons presented a team from "The Philippines," consisting of a Basque and a Mexican. The team from the "United States" was a Basque and a Valencian, and the players representing Italy, Mexico, France and Spain were all Basques. "We're not trying to kid anybody," says Buddy Berenson. "After all, the program tells plainly where every player's from. But we find it heightens interest to assign countries to the teams, and the purists still get a damned good game of jai alai." So far the Berensons have managed to resist the temptation to nominate an Israeli team—and have not been tempted at all to name an Arab one.

There is also a slight overdose of hoopla about the perils and pace of jai alai ("fastest and most dangerous game in the world") aimed at intriguing the unknowing spectator and making an interesting game more interesting. To be sure, the pelota does come off the wall at measurable speeds in the range of 150 mph, the fastest of any sporting object in the world (if one discounts bullets, golf balls and racing cars). But the ball usually travels something like 200 or 300 feet before it is caught and returned, giving the receiving player a chance to get set and thus eliminating many of the high-speed reflexive battles that one sees in close-up sports like tennis and football. There is somewhat more substance to the claim that jai alai is highly precarious. In weight and hardness, the pelota lies somewhere between a baseball and a snooker ball, and when it thuds into a player at top speed a shudder goes through the most untutored audience. Front-court play can be downright homicidal. Liriova, a famous player of three decades ago, once slammed the ball into the front wall at close range. The rebound knocked out all his front teeth. In the 1930s a player named Ramon was hit by a ball that had traveled all the way to the front wall and 176 feet to the back wall before bouncing off and hitting him in the skull. "You could hear it all over the fronton," Buddy Berenson said. "He walked off, but there was no blood showing and that is a bad sign. Whenever a player is hit, the others rush up trying to laugh it off and praying for the sight of blood, because blood means a glancing blow. Ramos died several hours later in the hospital. There were splinters of skull in his brain."

Another player, Carlos de Anda, was beamed in the Miami fronton, taken to the hospital and operated on to relieve pressure on his brain. "His is the only case of my kind I know," said Berenson. "He had always been an austere type of person, but after the operation he became very jolly and outgoing. He's retired now, a bookie at the fronton in Mexico City, and he's the happiest person there." The great Churrucua was hit, too, but it did not make him any happier. Taking a rebote (rebound) shot off the back wall, he misjudged the curve of the ball. It smacked off his cesta and caromed into his temple. "I do not think I am hurt very bad," Churrucua remembered, "but then I see that I am sitting down and the door is facing first one way and then another way, and then I am not seeing nothing at all."

Like pilots who crack up, jai alai players are rushed back into action as soon as they are ambulatory, to reduce the chance of a permanent phobia. According to Berenson, there has never been a quitter in the pro game or one who permitted cowardice to shade his play. One might conclude that all such tendencies are to be shaken (or "jellow," as Churrucua puts it) would long since have been bred out of the players in the frontons of the Basque country, else they would not be playing professionally at all. "The closest we had was a player who was terrified of the ball, but being a Basque he didn't even know this himself," Berenson said. "He went out on the court night after night, playing a good game, a brave game, and all the time he was scared on another level of his mind. Pretty soon the symptoms began. He'd get dizzy on the court. He'd

continue



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get double vision and headaches. We took him to a psychiatrist, and the psychiatrist said he was frightened deep inside. We had to send him back to Spain. To this day he doesn't think he was afraid."

The same sort of inner discipline keeps the new breed of jai alai player from letting his emotions show on the court. In the old days certain players would flail their chests on the floor and pound the wall and shout "Dios!" after blowing a shot. But managers discouraged this. "It gets too much like the way wrestlers act," explained one, "and that's the last image in the world we need." Nowadays a player will miss a shot, smile sportingly while the crowd screams, "Bravo! bravo!" and hurry to the privacy of the players' room to exact revenge on himself. "They are locked into that room from 6:30 to 12:30 every night," said Berenson, "and when they get back after a poor performance, that's when they let the tigers out of their bellies, as they say in Spain. Pedro Mir once hit the wall in the players' room and split his head wide open. I saw another player pick up an iron chair and throw it up as high as he could and then stick his head under it. It knocked him cold, and he played the next night. A great player named Guillermo lost a big championship game and came storming back to the players' room. His cesta was still strapped on his right hand so he lifted a 10-gallon water jug, crooked it in his left arm and broke it on the ceiling. Then he let all the broken glass and water fall down on him."

The best jai alai player in the world does not engage in any such feats of machismo, but then Patxi Churrucá does not lose many big matches, either. "I have quiet, happy days as a boy in Motrico," said Churrucá, "and perhaps it is difficult for me to become angry." The maestro's long journey from barefoot boy in the seaport town of Motrico to undisputed world champion of jai alai is a sort of Francisco Meriwether story committed to memory by the little Basque boys now padding over the mountains to play in the same church courtyard where Churrucá first strapped on a cesta. As a national hero of Spain,

Churrucá goes first-class when he returns home, in marked contrast to the relative anonymity of his life in Miami. When the American season is over, he plays matches to as high as 45 points before howling crowds in Spain and the Basque country of southern France. Once each year Franco goes to see him play in San Sebastián, a beautiful Basque town, and Churrucá regards this as a command performance.

But of all the rewards of his life, the one that satisfies Churrucá the most is that he has pleased his father, "the strongest man in Motrico," as the proud son describes him. "There are some people in Motrico they say Arakistain's father is the strongest, but many say is my father. One day in my father's bar—he owns a bar now and he does not make the cheeps any longer—one day two fishermen break glasses, and my father throws them out. And soon one comes back and he says, 'Why you think you do that?' My father says, 'Out!' and the man grab hold of the door. My father go boom and knock the door off the hinges, and the man does not come back."

Fifteen years ago there came the inevitable scene when the boy Churrucá wanted to go off to the world of professional jai alai against the wishes of the strongest man in Motrico. "A jai alai promoter came from Cortina to Motrico when I was 14," Churrucá explained, "and he visited the basketmaker in Motrico and he sees us play in the little fronton. He say to the basketmaker, 'Which one is that?' pointing to me. He say he would pay me 1,100 pesetas (about \$20) a month and buy me free shoes, so I sign the contract. My mother said, 'You are crazy! Now go tell your father what you do.'

"My father was angry. He says, 'Why do you do that?' But the basketmaker saved me. He say to my father, 'If you don't let him go now, he is remembering you all his life, that his father don't let him to start playing. Let him go, it is only four months. If he is no good he is going to come home, and he is going

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JAI ALAI

to stay happy." With that word, my father says O.K."

Churrucá went from Corinna to Zaragoza to Acapulco to Mexico City and finally to the big show in Miami at age 20. Now he is in his ninth season in Miami and his fourth as champion. His father owns the biggest casino in Motrico, and Churrucá is the idol of the Basques, a magnet for customers at his father's place. A few years ago Churrucá married a Basque artist, Laura Maria Zambrano from Ondarra, just over the hill from Motrico, and with her assistance he is battling the last despair of any traveling Basque's life: homesickness for the bays and mountains and valleys of the Pyrenees. In their apartment in Miami the Churrucas read *El Diario Vasco*, the Basque newspaper published daily in San Sebastián, and pore over borders of picture postcards showing the orange-tile roofs and the skinny quays and twisting, climbing streets of their home towns. It is all but impossible to call on the Churrucas without spending hours going through their pictures, sipping the anise wine of their homeland and partaking of the hot chorizo and saffron *pauella* that sustain them. "Now, if I could walk a mountain here," said Churrucá recently, "it would be much more better. We love Miami, my wife and I, but always is flat. I want to walk sometimes in the morning, so I go to the shopping center and back. Is only about 500 yards and feels like nothing, so I do it again and two or three times, and then all the people start looking to me and saying, 'That one is suspicious. What is he doing always for walking?'"

"But I am not meaning harm. In Motrico you take two steps and you are walking up down. Always up, down. I miss that one. Someday my wife and I will go back to stay, and I will help in my father's bar and play a little soccer and a little jai alai, and then maybe I will miss the days here when I am champion and making money." He paused and rifled through the deck of picture postcards. "Is easier things to do," said Francisco Maria Churrucá Iriondo Azpiazur Alcoria, breaking into a grin, "than satisfy a Basque." **END**



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL—BOSTON won one, lost one and finished the NBA regular-season schedule with a record 62 wins and 18 losses. The Celtics will have a rest and the playoff series between second-place CINCINNATI (49-32) and third-place PHILADELPHIA (46-40) is over. NEW YORK, which can rest until next season, split four games with one over the Celtics and finished up with a 38-40 record, as tied in six years. In the West LOS ANGELES finished with a win and two losses for a 49-31 record, a game ahead of the second-place Hawks. When Elgin Baylor scored 19 against the Celtics, he boosted his point total to 1,039, making the Lakers the first team in history to score 2,000-point quarters in one season. Jerry West had gone over 2,000 a week earlier. ST. LOUIS (45-35) slipped up for its playoff berth with the Bulls by winning three straight while BALTIMORE (37-43) lost three of four. DALLAS (31-49) lost its two final games, and SAN FRANCISCO (17-63) surprisingly took two of its last three.

BOWLING—BOB STRAMPE, winner of the PBA's 1984 All-Star title, defeated Bob Carlschewski in a close (190-188) final match to win the \$35,000 Continental Cup in Detroit.

BOXING—The team title at the 34th Golden Gloves Tournament of Champions in Kansas City went to U.S. ANSELME, when Heavyweight HARRY QUARRY (8-0) of Jim Donaghy of Minneapolis in a 12 of the second round to become the only fighter to win all his fights by knockouts.

BOWLING—The 37-year-old champion of Scotch Cup competition by Canada ended with the young U.S. champion Scot from Superior, Wis. Slipped by RAYMOND (aka) SUMMERVILLE defeated the Canadian risk 3-4 on the final round in Perth, Scotland (page 28). The cup represents the unofficial world championship.

BOXING—CH. FEZZINGWAG RAGEDY ANDY (SL, March 1), a representative Old English shepherd owned by Mr. and Mrs. Harold Van Rensselaer of Basking Ridge, N.J., defeated a local 8-year-old at the Harrisburg (Pa.) Kennel Club show to gain his fourth best-in-show ribbon.

BOXING—COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, the winner of the Intercollegiate Fighting Association's last three weeks ago, won the NCAA championship in Detroit with 16 wins by New York University's 74.

SOFTBALL—BERT WEAVER of Beaglesville, Tenn. won his first PGA tournament, the Greater Jacksonville Open, with a 70-hole score of 201, three under par. The winning score, after four days of high winds and rain, was the highest on the PGA tour so far this year. Jack Nicklaus, Dave Wether, Bruce Devlin and Bob Charles all tied for second at 206.

HOCKEY—Three straight losses eliminated CHICAGO from the NHL last night. BOSTON, still in first by two points, lost to the Bruins. NEW YORK REAL, to split it out. The Red Wings lost to the Rangers and beat the Bruins and the Black Hawks for their 12th and 13th victories on home ice, while the Canadiens continued their winning streak in the West with a win. In one of their victories, 3-2 over the Bruins, Ralph Backstrom scored a hat trick for the last time in his 11-year career. Going through six seasons were TORONTO, which won 3-1, NEW YORK, 0-1-2, and BRITON, 3-0-2.

MICHIGAN TECH, competing for the fourth time in the fifth of the National Collegiate Hockey championship, held (ain year at Brown University, won its second title with an 8-2 defeat of Boston College. The young team 114 players on the squad were qualifying their first victory season) from Brighton, Mich. placed five men on the All-Tournament first team.

HORSE RACING—Jockey Bill Mahoney, who has ridden more than 330 winners, but never won a stakes race, finally won one when he guided CUPID (97-20) to an eight-hundred victory in the \$27,700 Pausonick Handicap at Aqueduct.

SWIMMING—MIKE GERRY won most records of 5:40 in the 50-yard freestyle and 18:12 in the 140-yard freestyle to lead SAN DIEGO STATE to the National Collegiate (college division) title at Normal, Ill. California State (Long Beach) finished second, largely on the superb performance of GARY H. MAN in the 100- and 200-yard freestyle, the 100-yard butterfly and as anchor man in the 400-yard freestyle relay.

TRAGE & FIELD—Three U.S. Olympic gold-medallists were defeated at the Olympic Challenge in door meet in Cleveland. BILL CROTHERS of Toronto edged Glenn Cavall by two steps in the 600 with a record 1:11. DAVE L. LUNN of Toronto, a class within five yards of jumping Bob Schul in the three-mile run (13:17), and JIM GARDY of Portland, Ore., won it in the first half by two seconds. Billy Mills, and was the first to win gold in 4-4, 100-100, BALAL and ALBERT and ALBERT. MAN of Toronto both set new records—Mia Ralva in the high jump at 5 feet 10 1/2 inches and Mike Hoffman in the women's 800 in 2:12. MILL PINDER, Paul Drayton and Willie Dauphinais, all U.S. Army runners, took first, second and third in the 500-yard dash. In the 100-yard dash, the Canadian indoor and outdoor mile winners, ran the 100-yard race in 2:13, to win by eight yards over John Dankselberg of North Carolina. RALPH BOSTON came in third in the high jump, which was won by GENE JOHNSON of Santa Clara, Calif. 6 feet 10 inches (his best 6-foot-10 1/2 inches) and in the 50- and high hurdles.

ROBIN LINGLE of the University of Missouri, who ran the fastest 1,000 meters this season (1:47.71) and JOHN CAMERON of Georgia State, who equaled his best mile time (4:01.71), were the only defending champions who repeated at the U.S. Track and Field Championships, Charlottesville (the Journal Courier) in Milwaukee. JOHN RAMBO of California State (Long Beach) high jumped 6 feet 11 1/2 inches, exceeding the indoor mark by 2 1/2 inches, and STEVE CARMON of Iowa State ran a sprint of 600 in 1:10.4, also a federation record. In a time that seemed almost four seconds slower than the winning time at the NCAA championships in Detroit a week earlier, OKLAHOMA STATE's 50-yard relay team set a federation mark of 7.71.

MUSKIEES—NAMED Co-president of the newly organized Continental Iceball League, former U.S. Senator and governor of Kentucky, A. B. (Happy) BLANDLER, commissioner of baseball from 1940 to 1951.

NAMED Old pro RICHARD (Dawg) GONZALES to coach the 1985 U.S. Senior Open in Santa Fe, Colorado in the month of the 1985 U.S. team that captured the cup from its current owners, the Australians.

RETIRED The New York Giants backfield star for 12 seasons, FRANK GUSTORF, 34, to devote himself full time to sports broadcasting. Gustorf, who was an All-American halfback at the University of the South in the month of the 1943 U.S. team that captured the cup from its current owners, the Australians.

DIED JACK GUINLAN, 37, broadcaster of Chicago Cubs games on radio since 1938, was an experienced accident near Phoenix, Ariz., a week he had been covering the club in spring training.

DIED AMON ALONSO STAGG, 102, football coach for 20 years and pioneer of the forward pass and the T formation of running, perishing at a road home in Berkeley, Calif. (page 27). As an undergraduate football player, Stagg led Yale as five-time champion, and as an end on the football team, was named to Walter Camp's All-American team in 1899. After turning down an offer to play professional football, he was drafted to coach football at the newly founded University of Chicago in 1892. In 41 years there he was twice Big Ten champion and had four Heisman awards. When recruited by the university in 1892 at the age of 16 to return in a job as supervisor of athletic, Stagg returned to the College of the Pacific in Stockton, Calif., where he coached 14 more years. He was a member of the National Football Association and a member of the Phi Kappa Phi Honor Society. He was the only person ever to be elected to the Football Hall of Fame both as a player and a coach.

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Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

It was funny, the season began for Lapchick some time after it would be his last. The administration at St. John's, where he had labored on and off for 20 of his 65 years, had decided that Lapchick was to be retired at the end of the 1985 campaign. A demure, articulate man with immense innate dignity, Lapchick took the decision graciously and then set out to show what a 65-year-old coach could still accomplish.

His team surprised almost everyone by beating No. 1-ranked Michigan by a single point in the final of New York's Holiday Festival in January, and last Saturday, Boston, 18,499 who filled Madison Square Garden to capacity, the Redmen gave the Old Cuckoo the group-work present he wanted so much—a 55-51 victory over top-seeded Villanova in the championship game of the National Invitation Tournament. It made Lapchick the only coach ever to win the NIT four times.

All season long Lapchick had been telling people that his team was not a great one, even after it upset Michigan. He honestly felt they were just a good bunch of hustling kids. But St. John's had more than mere

hustle. It had Kenny Drown, a former Olympic rebounder who played with the carefree enthusiasm of a schoolboy on a picnic, and Bob McIntyre, a 6-foot-8 forward who could shoot. Jerry Houston and Kenny McIntyre were a pair of contrasting backcourt players. Houston, a wiry, tough 6-foot-1 half-handler, quarterbacked Lapchick's disciplined, patient offense and defended with the brushiness of a street fighter, while Kenny McIntyre, a sleep-eyed blond, had a thing about putting the ball into the basket. He loved to shoot, and his jump shots arched through the hoop like trained seals. He also handled the ball well, was impenetrable under pressure, and both he and Houston were adept at finding the free man with swift, accurate passes. Ken Howell, a plodding but steady player, and Bob Drown started the fifth starting spot. St. John's came into the NIT with a 1-3 record and routed Boston College in the first game.

But Lapchick's team was up to its ears in trouble against second-seeded New Mexico in the quarter-finals. While the Lobos' careful defense—second-best in the nation—battered St. John's shooters 6-foot-9 Mel Daniels snugged up rebounds, and New Mexico led 26-22 at half time. Then Drown began to get the rebounds away from Daniels and New Mexico's defense was suddenly not nearly so stringent. The McIntyres bombed away five 36 points between them, and St. John's eventually won 61-54.

Arms, which had beaten Western Kentucky 58-54, also made a determined run at the Redmen in the semifinals, and the aggressive Cadets led St. John's by six points late in the first half. But the Redmen rightened up their defense, forcing Arms to shoot from outside and, except for Mike Sullivan, a smooth forward who scored 17 points, the Cadets just did not have the shooters to do the job. Kenny McIntyre scored 21 points, including five free throws that stretched his NIT string to 21 straight. Houston got 18 more points, and St. John's won 67-60. There was, however, some consolation for young Coach Tates Locke and his Cadets. They later beat NYU 75-74 for third place just as they did a year ago, when Dick Murray threw in a corner shot with six seconds to play.

Villanova, meanwhile, had a time with Manhattan. The Jaspers' slick ball-handlers and shooters treated Villanova's combination defense shamefully, feeding jump shooters Larry Lembo for 31 points and sending big Bob Chubbins down the middle for easy layups. Manhattan led by nine points with 8:20 to go. Then the Wildcats went to a

man-to-man defense. It stopped Manhattan cold. Bill Melchionni, from Washington, Bill Soers, and Eric Luckert outscored the Jaspers 11-2 in the last 6:2 minutes, and Villanova took the game 73-78.

NYU, an earlier 87-76 winner over Detroit, was much easier for Villanova. While the Violets moved dreadfully from outside against Villanova's last combination, the accurate Washington, and Soers, a chubby 6-foot-8, swept the boards for 33 rebounds. Melchionni darted in and around the Violets on drives and shot over them for 31 points. Soers added 23, and Villanova won 91-69. It was an impressive show of weapons by a skilled team.

And it was enough to worry Joe Lapchick. The day before the final game he had his team practicing against zone and combination defenses for two hours. "I told my kids they've got to be patient," he said.

One game plan is for more movement and to make them come to us. If we get bombed, we get bombed. But we're not going to sweat. Villanova's Jack Kraft had problems, too. Melchionni, his playmaker and best shooter, had developed swollen glands, a sore throat and a virus. Kraft also knew that his team would be at a psychological disadvantage. "How many million people are there in New York?" he asked wistfully. "I'm sure every one of them will be rooting for me."

As it turned out, Melchionni was almost useless Saturday. He played like more than a half and scored only four points. St. John's meanwhile, went at Villanova's combination defense deliberately as Lapchick ordered. The Redmen worked the ball until Drown or Bob McIntyre got loose underneath. Then Houston and Kenny McIntyre teamed with quick passes for baskets. Kenny Mac also maneuvered behind screens to jump shots from the side. With 4:49 to go in the first half St. John's led by 19 points. But Washington came up with eight quick points and Villanova rallied to cut the lead to 36-28 at the intermission.

Villanova went to a man-to-man defense at the start of the second half, and almost immediately the Wildcats perked up again. St. John's shot more sparingly, and Washington began beating weary Drown to the boards, but Villanova was never quite able to catch up. St. John's concentrated on defense, and the big McIntyre boys popped in 15 points to keep the Redmen safely ahead. Houston's two free throws in the last seconds clinched the game and the championship for St. John's. Kenny McIntyre, who later was voted the Most Valuable Player award, had 18 points (101 for the tournament), Bob 16.

It was a wonderful finish for old Joe Lapchick. His lined face broke into a grin, his right leg went up in a victory salute, and he embraced every Redmen he could reach as he shouted happily, "What a way to go."

END



HAPPY RETIREE Joe Lapchick sports big moments with two winning coaches.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

WORLD SWEEPERS

Sirs,

My thanks to Sil and Barbara Falkentime for taking much of the national mystique from our popular sport of curling (*A Stone's Throw*, to a *Playmate*, March 15). Now, when I tell my seat companion on the plane out of Atlanta or Dallas that I am hurrying home to Wisconsin to get my broom and go out and play with the stones on a sheet of ice he may not whisper to the stewardess about moving away from this nut in the seat beside him.

Stevens Point, Wis.

BOB WILLIAMS

Sirs,

Curling being strictly a fun game takes actors only, not a pro or money prize anywhere in the world, it seems to me that your writer caught only the earnestness of the recent tournament and none of the gaiety that goes with the game. This is reflected in the colorful costumes curlers sometimes wear—such headgear as Glengarrys, berets and Balmorals, and the headbands or sleeves of veteran players leotoned with badges of clubs where they have played. I usually see style-conscious, meticulous men, of this, and from the pictures at the Wisconsin team members—dressed with no more distinction than a local howling hound—I wonder if they left their sense of fun at home.

ANN W. SUTHER

Superior, Ill.

• The costumes may not have been distinctive, but the Wisconsin earnestness was sufficient to win a world championship (page 28).—E.D.

DOGGED

Sirs:

The downgrading of greyhound racing by M. R. Werner (*Racing Beneath the Sky*, March 8) is due, no doubt, to his admitted inability to handicap greyhounds. Despite complaints from disgruntled amateurs that greyhound racing is a "numbers game," greyhounds can be handicapped even more easily than horses. During a one-week period at Hollywood Kennel Club recently, favorites paid off at the rate of 50/1, and the current figure for 3 nights is 70/100. On the other hand, the percentage for the just-closed Santa Anita Thoroughbred meeting was 31/1, according to *The Morning Telegraph*. The racing greyhound has just as fine a lineage as the Thoroughbred horse and has the papers to prove it.

STAN PEABODY

Hollywood, Fla.

RANGE WAR

Sirs,

Kudos to William Leggett for his *Ice New York, Hockey's House Is Not a House* (March 8). The frustration of a New York fan is unique, for nowhere in sport is such minute press and radio coverage afforded to a hockey team than here in New York.

True, there are many dedicated hockey fans in this area that fill up the old Garden, game after game, but they, too, in time shall pass unless the sport is given its due publicity.

GERALD N. ROSEN

New York City

Sirs,

Mr. Leggett has summarized the Ranger plight accurately. I disagree, however, with the criticism of the Rathgate and Henry trades. The Rangers weren't winning with these two players. While their trade value was high their only choice was to get younger players with future potential.

My only regret is that Mr. Leggett did not write this well-deserved criticism of the Madison Square Garden management years ago.

CHRIS WATSON

Jackson Heights, N.Y.

Sirs,

You try to make a big joke in your March 8 issue of the trades we have made the past several years. You say it is like the Yankees trading Mantle one year and Maris the next. Well, if the Yankees had finished in the second division for five straight years with Mickey and Roger, I don't think they would think twice about trading two aging players for six or seven strong young ones.

I first came to New York as assistant general manager in the summer of 1962. Since then we have basically traded three players: Dean Prentice, Andy Rathgate, and Camille Henry. All three are topflight players, but in the five years before the series of trades started the Rangers had finished fifth, fourth, fifth, sixth and fifth. Further, next fall Rathgate and Prentice will be 31 and Henry 32.

For these three men we have received the following younger players, all of whom are now on the Rangers: Bob Nevin, 27, new captain of the Rangers; Bill Heke, 26; Arnie Brown, 23; Rod Seiling, 20; John Brennan, 22; Doug Robinson, 24; and Wayne Hillman, 26.

I have just one job as the new general manager of the Rangers. That is, to lead the Rangers to the top. The results of our trades are a good first step on the path up.

EMIL FRANCIS

New York City

Sirs,

I and many of the Ranger players found your criticism of the hockey fans in New York to be very unjust, as we feel they are as loyal and enthusiastic as fans anywhere. As far as we players are concerned the living conditions in New York are quite satisfactory. The time spent on traveling to games, practices, etc. is not as inconvenient as you stated. Since coming here 13 months ago I could not have been treated better, and the other players hold this opinion also.

New York City

MANILA DODGER

Sirs,

I enjoyed your piece on Joe Garagiola (*The Sweet Sound of Success*, March 15) as I have enjoyed your previous excellent articles on both Vin Scully and Mel Allen. The men who broadcast baseball games do an excellent job of helping to maintain interest in the pennant race all through the summer. After all, there are a number of clubs in both leagues that lose more games than they win. Further, not every game is filled with exciting or heart-stopping plays. Yet, by and large, the broadcasters manage to make every ball game an event worth listening to.

MORRIS FREEMAN

New Orleans

Sirs,

Joe Garagiola's shallow, naive humor may be vital to baseball. But when he is the "color man" on football telecasts, as he has been, it is a downright shame. Believe me, football doesn't need such claptrap.

LANNA R. MUDROSE

Burbank, Calif.

Sirs,

Your article on Joe Garagiola was greatly appreciated, but your terse reference to his military police career in Manila during World War II failed to mention Joe's role on the Manila Dodgers, managed by Kirby Higbe. This was an Army team composed primarily of young players who were destined to make their mark in the majors. Sharing the catching chores with Garagiola was Joe Gotsberg. The pitching staff featured Kent Peterson, Vern Backlund and Jim Hearn, each of whom made it to the big leagues. But in Manila if one of these young pitchers ran into trouble during a game he would just trade places with the shortstop who would then take the mound and strike

continued

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19TH HOLE

out the required number of bottles. That done each would resume his normal position for the next inning. The showstop's name was Early Wynn.

One day against Clark Field, a team composed mostly of Air Corps officers, Cincinnati, who might have made PG, by this time, grounded meekly to the second sacker and was thrown out by a good 10 feet. As he passed the Clark Field dugout on the way back to his own, the fly boys let loose at the aggressive young catcher. He whittled at the enemy bench, kicked up a cloud of dust, spat and snarled. "I never saw so much brass in one junk heap in all my life." It could only happen to Americans.

W. J. DERRY

Beaumont, Texas

DEAN'S TOWN

SINCE
 A newspaperman is usually at the receiving end of letters to the editor. However, this journalist would feel sorry if he didn't do an about-face to customs and answer Mark Kram's article about Dean Chance (*Dean Can Take the Bait Out of the Game*), March 8).

Mr. Kram, who evidently thinks anyone who doesn't live in a city of 900,000 or more is strictly back, completely misjudged the character of Wooster. Ohio is a city of about 18,000.

If you judge culture (and I really don't think you can) by education and worldliness, I think you'll find that Wooster has more well-traveled Ph.D.'s than almost any city in the country. The College of Wooster, one of the leading liberal arts colleges in the nation, and the Ohio Agricultural Experiment Station, one of the leading farm-research institutions in the world, make this a fact.

During my many travels, I have found few areas that compare with Wayne County's friendliness, sincerity, cultural environment, knack of business, industry, industrial progress and just plain livability. We do have outstanding farms, too, even though few of our farmers use the word "farm."

VICTOR DEB
Daily Record

Wooster, Ohio

PROGRESS REPORT

SINCE

In view of some somewhat light-hearted reference to my latest golfing plight, Corbie I (Corbie/Sports) says, March 11, I thought you might like to know that he recently got for first prize in the Flame Fly tournament in Biltan (a Southern Rhodesia) unobtainably, he lost the playoff to Cedric. Amm Corbie has now arrived in the U.S. and is sharpening up for the Masters.

MARK H. McCORMICK

Cleveland

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YESTERDAY

Instructions for Making Indian Baskets

by BIL GILBERT

Anywhere else in the world Walt Chamberlain may be the player who comes to mind when American basketball is mentioned—but not in Yalag. The name they drop there, I like to think, is *El Ganzo Grande*. They called me that after having watched my stuff in only one game.

Yalitlag is a Zapotec Indian village to hell-and-gone back in the mountains of southern Mexico. I had been living in Oaxaca City, which lies in a valley some 230 miles southeast of Mexico City. The rugged peaks of the Sierra Madre del Sur rise beyond Oaxaca. The valley and adjacent highlands have been the home of the Zapotecs for some 2,500 years.

Some people I knew were going to Yalalog, and I went along. We traveled by train, by truck and finally by donkey-back and foot, until we reached the central plaza of Yalalog.

We had not been there long before I realized I was being followed by a squad of young men. Every now and then they consulted in whispers, poked each other in the ribs and giggled. After we had all had more mescal and beer than will set easily on an empty stomach one of these boys stepped or was partially pushed up to me. His name was Iermun, and he had picked up half a dozen words of English in the Oaxaca market.

"Hallo, gringo, goodbye," he shouted, and the whole crowd turned to watch and listen.

"Hello, *bombus*, *alibi*."

"You like? Good!" he asked, making a strange gesture, holding his hand horizontal to the ground, patting the air rigidly.

"Good, very good," I said politely and patted the air as Herman had done.

As if they had been waiting for this cue, the other boys began shouting "Bas-

ketball, basketballTM, and leaped forward like a ballet corps, each wildly pantomiming the game, dribbling in the air, simulating center jumps and shooting.

"Halla, gringo, basketball is agreeable
with you, yes?"

"Yes, man, basketball is very agreeable to me." I thought we were merely making conversation.

"Good, good, good, you play with us, now, now, now, now, now, now."

Jermon and the other boys, followed by the whole crowd in the plaza, hustled us to the rear of the *palm* *m*, where there was, in a manner of speaking, a basketball court.

After having walked 30 miles on sneakers, four oranges and three candy bars, and after three mesal boomerangers, I was not in razor-sharp condition. I had not been on a basketball court since being cut from a junior varsity high school squad 15 years before.

The basketball court sloped noticeably down the mountainside to the west. There being plenty of vacant land, the court was about twice regulation size, the out-of-bounds lines marked with stones. The surface was hard-packed dirt from which some of the rocks had been removed and the larger furrows filled. Wooden hoops for the baskets were mounted on small backboards, which stood a foot or so lower than standard. After a time the crowd lined up on the downhill side of the court so as to keep bad passes from literally missing by a mile and rolling down to the Rio Yalag. The opposition (which I shall call the Jaguar AC, having never caught the name of the village they represented) showed up. The village *presidente*, a dignified man who was to referee, tossed up a soft soccer ball and the game was on.

The Zapotecs are strong, big-chested mountaineers who can carry packs that would stagger a mule. However, they run to breadth, not height. At 5 feet 11 (at home a midget for basketball purposes) I towered over the tallest of the other players by four or five inches. Also, both Yalagag and the Jaguar AC used an obsolete style of play. They brought the ball downcourt at a slow dribble, the dribbler screened by his teammates drawn up in a phalanx. They never drove in to the basket for a layup but shot from outside, using both hands, throwing the ball up from between their knees, like foul shooters 30 years ago.

Reaching easily over the heads of the

continued



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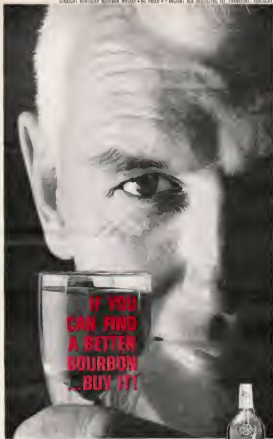
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Indian Baskets *continued*

Zapotec, I took the ball, jumped a few inches off the ground and stuffed it through the sawed-off basket as effectively if not as gracefully as the Big Dipper himself. At a lumbering trot I raced (comparatively speaking) to the other end of the court, arriving in time to block, like Bill Russell, the first between-the-knees shot of the Jaguar AC. These revolutionary tactics killed the hometown crowd. They whistled and shouted. Some diplomat yelled in Spanish, for my sake, "*El Gringo Grande*."

The Jaguar AC, however, was not amused. After we Yalaltecas scored a quick six points, the Jaguars took time and commenced a ferocious argument. It was not necessary to understand Zapotec to catch the drift of the debate. "Where the hell did you get this ring? If he's from Yalalag, I'm Goose Tatum. The commissioner is going to hear about this."

When the game resumed, the crisis settled itself, as my effectiveness proved to be limited. My problem was that, after coming up with a rebound or blocked shot, I had great difficulty deciding which of the 15 or so players (the teams fluctuated between five and nine men to a side) were Yalaltecas. Everyone seemed to be 5 feet 5, broad, brown and screaming for the ball. When I passed off, the chances were 50-50 that I would give the ball to the Jaguar AC.

Attempting to counteract this difficulty, Fermín had the Yalalag boys identify themselves by yelling, "Hallo, gringo, goodbye," but after a basket or so the Jaguar captain shrewdly stole our signals. The confusion was tremendous.

"*El Gringo Grande*," yelled the crowd. "Hallo, gringo, goodbye," yelled all the players.

After several hours the game ended, with everyone exhausted, the crowd from hysterics, the other players from chasing my wild throws and I from being a superstar. The early Yalalag lead held up, but even the Jaguar AC took things with good humor, feeling perhaps that they had gained considerable fame, even in losing, by playing the weirdest game the mountains had ever seen.

My last memory of being a sports hero for the day in Yalalag was Fermín standing in the brush, yelling after us as we started down the mountain.

"Hallo, gringo, goodbye," he shouted, making a dribbling motion in the air with his hand.

END

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